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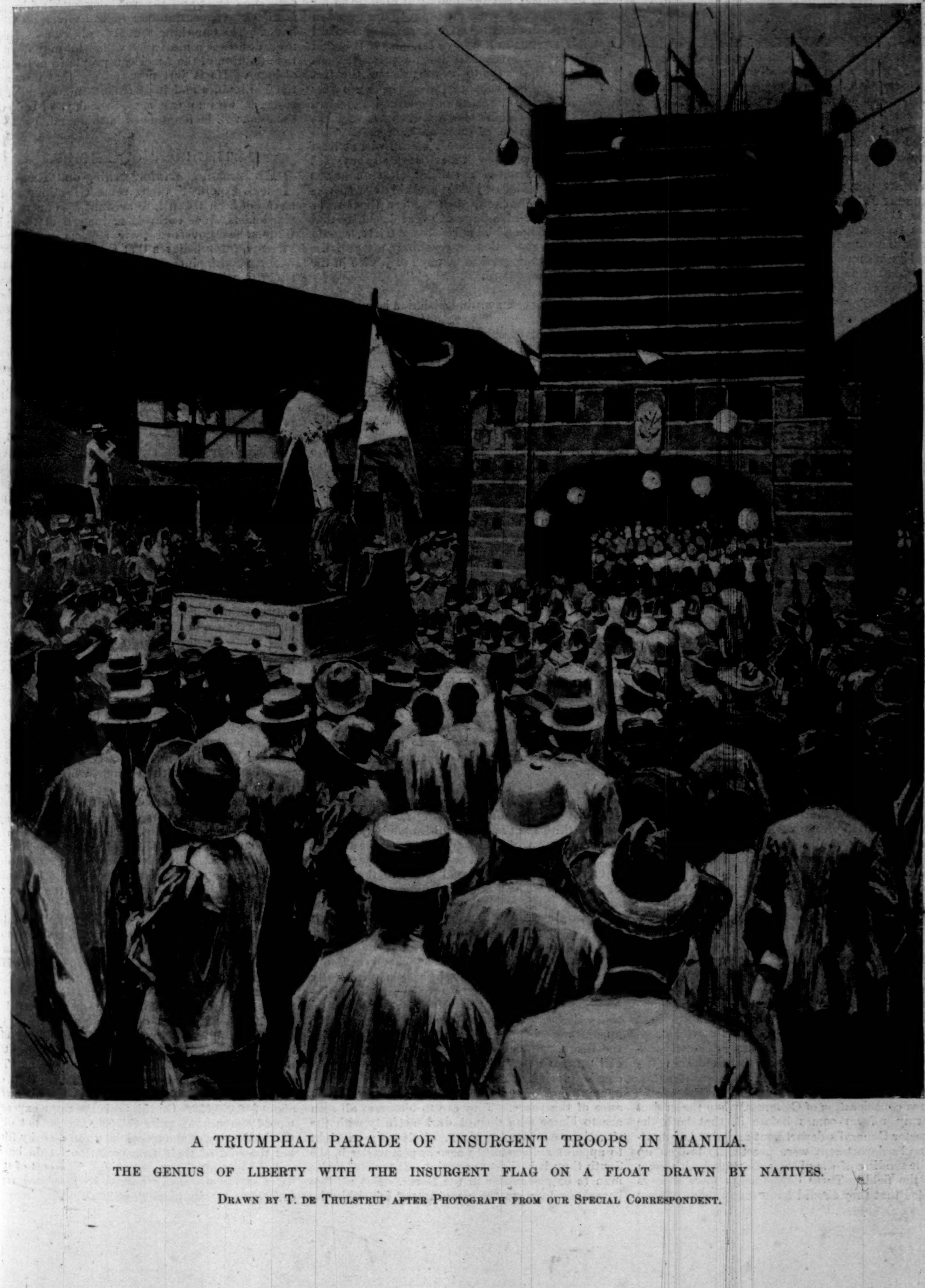

A TRIUMPHAL PARADE OF INSURGENT TROOPS IN MANILA.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY WITH THE INSURGENT FLAG ON A FLOAT DRAWN BY NATIVES.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 26, 1898

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CHAIRMAN BABCOCK, of the Republican Congressional Committee, says that, as a result of the election, "free silver and fiat money are now eliminated from politics," while Senator CULLOM says practically the same thing. As a matter of fact, fiat money will not be eliminated from our politics until our monetary system is reformed and put upon a proper basis, and that task rests with the Republican party.

WE are not yet inclined to believe that Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW is Mr. PLATT'S choice as a successor to EDWARD MURPHY, Jr., in the United States Senate. Mr. DEPEW would not, perhaps, be rebellious against Mr. PLATT'S power, but he would cut so much of a figure in the Senate that Mr. PLATT would be very much obscured—although he would continue to preside at the distribution of the spoils, and his practical usefulness would therefore be much the same that it is now.

IT is said that among the features of the report of the commission appointed by the President to devise a government for Hawaii is a provision for the election of a delegate to Congress similar to the provision for the election of delegates from our Territories. Unless the natives are disfranchised, this delegate will probably be one of themselves, and then we shall have the edifying spectacle of the American politician cultivating the native vote of the Sandwich Islands. We never believed that the Americans of the islands would retain their power very long after annexation, and the signs are beginning to multiply that their lease of power is short.

MR. RICHARD CROKER announces that he is temporarily tired of politics, and he has gone to Chicago to rest. Our readers who have carefully considered the articles by Mr. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS on "Wide-open Chicago" and "Wide-open New York" will find much food for reflection in this visit of the New York boss to the Western city. It is thoroughly well understood that the vicious and lawless of Chicago are permitted to ply their trades without let or hinderance from the law, in order to strengthen the kind of Democracy which Mayor CARTER HARRISON represents. Primarily this segregation of the vice of Chicago was in the interest of free silver; secondarily it was in the interest of the Democratic party, in the third place, it was in behalf of Mayor CARTER HARRISON, who seeks the Democratic nomination in 1900. Mr. CROKER permitted New York to be wide open—that is, permitted vice to rule in this city—for similar reasons. Naturally, in the hour of his defeat—for his incursion into the larger politics of the State ended in defeat—he seeks to discover from CARTER HARRISON whether his alliance is supposed to be as valuable as it was. He and CARTER HARRISON are probably consulting as to the general welfare.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE has given some very strong testimony against the management of SHAFTER'S campaign, and against current army administration in general. It is an interesting fact, however, that General BRECKINRIDGE himself sought for a command in the field, although he now says that he was practically displaced by an order directing inspectors in the field to report directly to the Adjutant-General. However this may be, it is a fact worthy of the serious consideration of Congress, when the subject of army reform comes before it, that both the Inspector-General's department and the Adjutant-General's department were practically broken up by the sending of the officers connected with them into the field. These departments have always insisted that they should have many more officers than were granted them by Congress, because they were organized, not to perform the business of twenty-five thousand men, the peace establishment of the army, but to conduct the affairs of an army of one hundred thousand men in time of war. No sooner did war break out, however, than these officers, who were supposed to be trained to staff duties, obtained employment in the field, leaving the staff duties to be performed by newly appointed civilians and others entirely inexperienced.

THE French Court of Cassation is now on its trial in the case of Captain DREYFUS. Up to a certain point it may be admitted it has stood the test quite as well as could have been expected. Attempts were undoubtedly made to influence if not to terrorize it in the interests of the army—which means, of course, the corrupt administration of the army of France; but fortunately it appears so far to have withstood those attempts. The question that still remains is, after all, the crucial one—shall Captain DREYFUS at last have fair play? It is said that the court has required that the prisoner shall have notice that he is to be retried, and the fact that even this was solemnly protested against by representatives of the army may perhaps be looked upon as the last confession of weakness and the strongest admission of guilt on their part. This small instalment of justice, it seems, will at least be granted the prisoner of Devil's Island; but what of the rest? Is the victim of the most audacious and corrupt denial of justice probably ever perpetrated in any famous trial of modern times to be placed at the disadvantage of every disability that can be heaped upon him at his second trial? Should his judges be compelled to acquit him, after all, the result will be the greatest triumph of justice in the face of odds on record.

ONE more experiment in legislation is announced from New Zealand. This time it takes the form of a state system of old-age pensions, by which the poor are to be provided for in their old age in all cases in which they have not made a sufficient provision to secure themselves against want. As yet the details of the scheme are not available for criticism, but its main features are sufficiently distinct to arouse interest and attention. Unlike the German pension system, which is paternal in its operation by compelling workmen to contribute to a provident fund while they are young and vigorous, the New Zealand plan is evidently socialistic in idea. There is to be no special contribution by the workers to secure the advantage of the pension. As a citizen, the state recognizes that it is bound to see that he or she does not want enough food and covering in old age, and if it is clear that any one has not the means of providing these at sixty-five years, the state will supply it. The pensions are to be paid out of the general taxation of the country, and will of course be made to take the place of other state aid as administered elsewhere, in the various forms of workhouses, refuges, and other state charities. Many things may no doubt be urged both for and against the experiment in theory, but it can hardly be doubted that the civilized world may be the gainer by having it presented as an object-lesson in practice. New Zealand has already tried many things—some of them with marked success; it will be interesting to see the results that follow upon her last departure in state socialism.

THE white mobs of South Carolina and North Carolina may in the end bring about a peaceful state of things in the communities lately the scenes of violent outrage. It all depends upon the amount of killing which they can accomplish. The negroes have been overpowered, and many of them have disappeared. The war between the races, which appears to have reached a climax in Wilmington, in Greenwood, and in McCormick, is a natural result of the bestowal of political power upon the blacks. The war has been going on ever since the negroes were enfranchised. In Mississippi and in South Carolina enfranchisement has been practically abolished by constitutional provision. Nevertheless, the war between the races is not over even in those States, and it has been aggravated by the appointment of negro Federal officials, much to the disgust of the whites, who resent what they call "negro rule." There is no good reason that can be given by those who are responsible for the appointment of negroes for thus inciting disturbance of the peace. They are to blame, as all men are to blame who do not deal tactfully with the situations confronting them. It is no more right to appoint a distasteful negro as postmaster in the South than it is right to appoint a distasteful white man to be postmaster in the North. But, all this barred, so long as the government is within its right—that is, the right of its power and its jurisdiction—it should have the strength and the firmness, and its Chief Executive should have the courage, to maintain peace and order everywhere within its borders. The riot in North Carolina seems to have been entirely beyond the Federal jurisdiction; but the riot in South Carolina involved an assault upon a Federal official, and therefore invited and demands Federal interference. More serious still than either one of these riots in Southern States is the conduct of Governor TANNER of Illinois in making war upon Alabama negroes who were seeking work in Illinois, and who, as citizens of the United States, had the right to the protection of the State. The riots in the South and in Illinois are a blot upon our civilization and an impeachment of our government. The immediate duty of the country lies here and with these offenders. To distract the attention of the country from these domestic crimes and this weakness at Washington is to invite a continuance of bad government at home. The one thing that the politician of to-day most desires is a means by which he may distract the attention of the American people from his sins at home. He is just now seeking that means in the Philippines and in the West Indies, and if he succeeds, we may expect that the days of bad government will be lengthened in this land.

THE COST OF EMPIRE.

THE London *Spectator*, writing on "The American Colonies," utters some reflections which have not been taken into account by our own expansionists, since enthusiasm instead of thoughtfulness has governed their superheated minds. The *Spectator* believes that this country ought to take the Philippines, and all the other Spanish territory on which we can lay our hands. It believes that eventually we shall be able to govern these colonies wisely, but it is not much concerned with that problem, and, well-informed as it usually is, it is wholly ignorant of the defects of our administrative system and of their political causes—causes that may be said to be in the bone of our system, although, we hope, not born there and not ineradicable. The *Spectator's* attitude on the policy of American expansion is naturally and properly British. It believes, as Lord SALISBURY does, that British interests would be promoted, or at least protected, by the extension of the sovereignty of the republic into Asiatic waters. At the same time, the *Spectator*, unlike our own expansionists, is willing to count the cost of the proposed enterprise, and it realizes that it will be very great, and perhaps discouraging.

The *Spectator* says: "To govern such possessions, so peopled, wisely, with a certain vivifying gentleness, and yet through devices from above, is very difficult work, as we discovered when we began it, and before an experience marked by many failures had taught us a sound tradition, and the Americans will find that the task will produce many changes, both in their internal organization and their dominant ideas. They must, for example, as they already admit, greatly strengthen their navy.... Then they must have a much larger regular army.... Moreover, half their troops must be dark men—negroes, half-castes, Tagals, and, we should say, Mohammedan Malays.... A tropical civil service, again, to be pure, and to be composed of picked men, must be highly paid, and must be provided with pensions, which become in time a serious burden on the Treasury.... And lastly, the colonies are in want of public works, railways, roads, harbors, healthy barracks, quays, and light-houses, and the amount which can be spent on these 'necessities of civilization' is almost limitless. The colonies may cost a good deal of money for some years, and though the Union can pay anything, we are not quite sure of its willingness to export treasure."

The mere money cost of this colonial enterprise, even so far as we have gone, will be enormous. The annual cost of our small army on a peace footing is about $24,500,000. The cost of the administrative force and the miscellaneous and incidental expenses of the War Department is about $7,000,000, making a total of a little more than $31,000,000. The cost of the navy, counting the appropriation for its increase, is about $30,000,000. No military authority believes that we ought to maintain an army of less than 100,000 men. The pay, travelling, transportation, and general expenses of the army, as it stood before the war, were about $16,000,000. On this basis the same expenses would amount to quite $65,000,000; for not only would the pay of the troops be multiplied by four, but the cost of their transportation would be increased in a much greater ratio. The cost of subsistence for the army would be increased from $1,750,000 to at least $7,000,000. The item of quartermaster's supplies would grow from $2,300,000 to quite $10,000,000 for several years to come, and after that to at least $5,000,000. There would be an increase of expenditure for horses alone of about $500,000, and of at least $1,500,000 for the medical and ordnance departments and other incidentals. This estimate, which is moderate, shows an annual increase of $64,000,000 for army expenses alone if the army be increased to 100,000, while the additional cost of new fortifications, new post buildings, quarters, and barracks, would easily bring this up to $65,000,000. But it is very well understood, even by those who are talking of increasing the army to 100,000 men, that such a force would not begin to be adequate to the demands of the new colonies for their defence and for service at home, and that an army of at least 250,000 men will be necessary for these purposes, including the maintenance of peace at home; and the statesman who is counting the cost of annexation and expansion, if there be such a statesman in the country, would be imprudent to estimate for an annual increase of the army budget of less than $100,000,000.

As to the navy, we shall, in the first place, be obliged to count on an expenditure of at least $100,000,000 for the purpose of bringing it into the rank of first-class "fighting fleets," and instead of appropriating from $9,000,000 to $13,000,000 annually for the purpose of increasing it, Congress will be obliged to appropriate from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 if we are to catch up with European governments. Even then they will be obliged to halt for us if we are to arrive speedily at their state of preparation. The annual cost of the British navy is about $115,000,000, and that of the French navy about $57,000,000. We shall be lucky if we get off with an expenditure for the navy of less than $60,000,000 a year in excess of the expenditures of 1897.

After this war we shall have to reckon on large additions to our civil list, which will be made necessary by our new colonies. They must be governed, and governed thoroughly and expensively, if they are to be governed well. The cost of a colonial service must be largely matter of conjecture. It depends on the intelligence of Congress; and we are painfully aware that the legislative branch of the government is not inclined to expend the public money merely where it is needed. Congressmen are always desirous that it shall go where it will do the most good—to them; that is, where their constituents may get a share, whether government receives a return for its expenditure or not. We are assuming, however, that in time circumstances, which are likely to be delicate on distant frontiers, will compel the establishment of a good colonial service, and in that event we fancy that its cost will be a good deal larger than the present cost of our foreign service, which is in the neighborhood of $1,700,000. The cost of our diplomatic service must also increase with new international complications, and this increase together with the cost of the colonial service will certainly amount to $3,000,000.

Thus we have at once an annual increase of expenditures for colonial defence and government of the very considerable amount of $163,000,000. The calculations on which this estimate is based are necessarily crude, but the result may be depended upon to be well within the sum which the possession of distant colonies will add to the cost of government. Moreover, this great sum must be raised by direct taxation; for the extension of the free-trade principle to these colonies—the principle which obtains between the States—will deprive the government of a main source of its customs revenue. We cannot levy a customs duty on the products of our own country. But in ordinary years raw sugar pays us more than $50,000,000 in revenue, while tobacco pays us from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Are the sugars of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and Hawaii to come in free, and the tobacco and cigars of the West Indies and the Philippines to be untaxed at the threshold of the country? Certainly, if the countries in which these products are produced are to become part of the United States. Here then we have at least $60,000,000 to be added to the amount which the colonies will actually cost, making in all something like $223,000,000 that must be raised every year by direct taxation, in addition to the present ordinary expenses of the government, which are supposed to be enormously extravagant. We repeat that this great sum must be raised by direct taxation, because we assume that in due time our politicians will come to understand that expansion and protection cannot go together. But this is a subject for future consideration. We rest content at present with showing that the cost of empire is as splendid as empire itself. We might go further, and point out that the returns from such colonies as those which are now stimulating the imaginations of our politicians would make a most insignificant showing on the other side of the ledger. Of this we may be sure, that the further we go in this predatory scheme, the more surely will we realize that empire in our time and for us will be a useless extravagance, on account of whose burdens our descendants will deride us, for they will consider annexation and expansion as the political and economic follies of the end of a century the opening of which glowed with the hope of democracy.

THE SULTAN'S FRIEND.

The German Emperor is a remarkably clever man. Slowly it is being recognized that the Kaiser is no laughing matter; that beneath his rhetoric and extravagances there lie a purpose as cool and a statesmanship as bold and far-seeing as Cavour's or Disraeli's. Russian diplomacy is not more effective in its slow perseverance than are the Kaiser's rattling strokes of policy.

Look only at the fruits of his policy in the Near East. It was Germany that made the Concert nugatory; it was with German arms and under the instruction of German officers that the Turks defeated the Greeks in the spring of 1897; and only the other day it was Germany, alone of all the European powers that count, that refused to join in bundling the Turkish soldiers out of Crete. The last act of friendship was still to come. His most Protestant Majesty visited, in person, the author of the Armenian massacres, embraced him as an ally and a brother, and handed in his bill for services rendered. It was honored not only in such thanks and compliments as the ruler of the Faithful had never yet bestowed on a European prince, but in solider payment. The abode of the Blessed Virgin was made over as a free gift, to be placed, by the Kaiser, in charge of the German Catholics. Railway and harbor concessions that had waited years for official favor were granted by special irades. German trade was given exclusive advantages, and arrangements were made for welcoming German colonists in the Sultan's domains.

What are the net results? The Sultan is rehabilitated. He has a protector pledged to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and not to be swerved by sentimentalism from the policy of self-interest. His frontier is strengthened against Russian advance by the German railroad that is to join the Sea of Marmora with the Persian Gulf. He can snap his fingers at Europe and all its concerts. He has an assured international position. For Germany the benefits are more tangible. The new lines that are to be built from the Persian Gulf to Scutari and from Bagdad to the Mediterranean will give to Germany the commercial supremacy of Asia Minor. The banks and railroads of Palestine and Syria are already largely in German hands, and more German settlers are to be found there than in the whole of Greater Germany. The Emperor's visit has laid the foundations of a German empire in the Near East.

It has done more than that. The Catholic Centre is the determinating party in the Reichstag. It holds the balance between the Right and the Left, and its support or opposition is always of first importance. The Kaiser has now laid it under obligations that must rally it to his domestic policy. To present to the Pope, in the name of the German Catholics, the abode of the Blessed Virgin was a master-stroke. It pleased and gratified the Vatican, and made it impossible for Leo XIII. to resent the snub afterwards administered to French pretensions in Asia Minor.

The protectorate over all Catholics in the Orient, French or otherwise, has been for many centuries one of the privileges of France as the eldest daughter of the Church. It was reaffirmed by the Pope just before the Kaiser started for Constantinople. The protectorate brings with it something more than a moral prestige. The missionaries receive their credentials from Paris, and in case of need apply to the French minister at Constantinople. All negotiations between the Sultan and the Pope are carried on through his office. Catholics in the Orient, no matter of what nationality, no matter whether they are missionaries, pilgrims, or travellers, have been used to look upon France as their protector. In this way a position of commanding influence was within reach of the French government, not only in the Ottoman Empire, but in China, where it likewise held the post of guardian over the lives and property of all Catholics.

The Germans, of late years, have been bent on undermining this authority. The tale of their efforts is interesting, but too long to relate. Their success was shown by the affair of Kiao-chau. Ten years ago the German government would have left it to the French minister at Peking to demand compensation for the murder of the German missionaries. The Kaiser acted otherwise. He took upon himself the protection of his own subjects, and seized a portion of Chinese territory by way of indemnity. He refused to admit that German subjects could be under the control of any government but that of Berlin. As in the Far East, so in the Near East. Speaking at Jerusalem to a body of German Catholics, the Kaiser said, with unmistakable significance: "Whenever one of you needs my protection, I am here. Let him come to me, no matter what his creed may be. Happily the German Empire is in a position to afford its subjects abroad effective protection."

By those words France is stripped of her patrimony in the Levant. The nationalization of the missions in China led directly to Kiao-chau. In the Ottoman Empire it may have results not dissimilar.

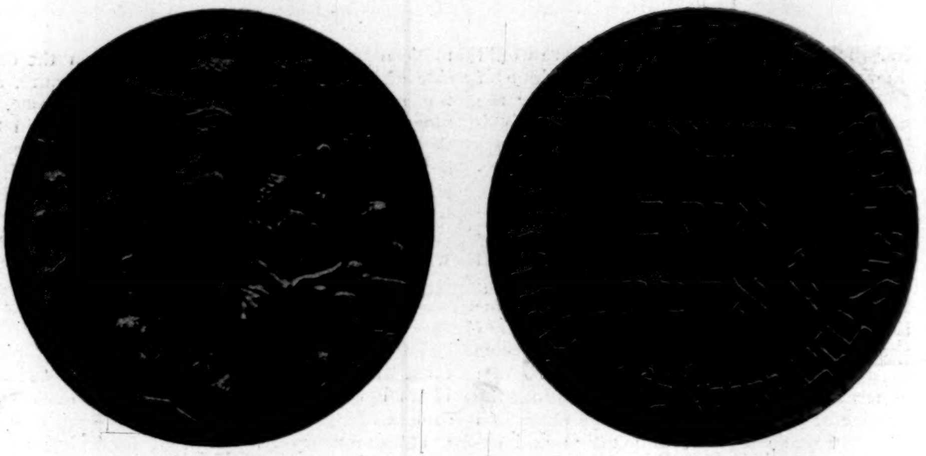
IMPERIALISM AND THE SENATE.

It was the Home Market Club of Boston, of all bodies in the world, that described the prospect of our making ourselves responsible for the future of the Philippines as "appalling." No wonder. There is no doubt that when there was laid down in the protocol a clause reserving to the United States the occupancy of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which should determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines, the President had not made up his mind what the country wanted in respect to those islands, and was waiting for light. The question was purposely left in the air by the language of the protocol. But it was not left so much in the air that it may not fairly be said that the language of the protocol did not include the demand for the whole archipelago, and that this demand is an enlargement of its terms.

However that may be, it was plain that the President was waiting for light upon public opinion, and it would be interesting to know whence he derived that estimate of public opinion which led him, a fortnight ago, to spring upon the peace commission the demand for all the Philippines. Because many of "the men of light and leading" in this country had already been heard from, and the weight of their opinion was against the acquisition. Evidence has accumulated that the policing of the islands would cost more than their whole trade could possibly come to; that they would make us not less but more vulnerable in case of foreign complications, which, moreover, the possession of them would invite; that we should have to begin our operations in them by giving a beating to our "allies," on whose account we were asked to take them; that we had no means of administering distant possessions, and were not likely to come at once into possession of any good ones; that the holding of the Philippines would be a violent contradiction of the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that it would be a direct violation or a pettifogging evasion of our pledge that the war with Spain was not undertaken with a view to conquest; and finally that the islands, instead of promising any benefit, threatened grave injuries, material, political, and moral, to the United States.

These considerations were making their way, unopposed by any argument on the other side. Undoubtedly it seemed that the opposition to imperialism was increasing and prevailing, when the American commissioners startled their countrymen, not less than the Spaniards, by demanding all the Philippines. The demand was apparently the result of the President's Western trip. As he journeyed he came near Indianapolis, and "suddenly there shined round about him a light." But the demand had no sooner been made as a consequence of this illumination than many and clear voices were raised in protest from the President's own party. In his long political life Senator Hoar has not done himself more honor than by his manly and patriotic denunciation. And his protest was followed by others not less weighty, from Republicans not less important.

It is long since intelligent Americans had cause to repeat Webster's congratulation, "It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States." But just now they can heartily re-echo that sentiment, and add their congratulations that the power of the President to make treaties is limited by the proviso that two-thirds of the Senators present concur. It seems inconceivable that such a concurrence can be obtained for a treaty annexing the Philippines, since opposition to expansion may already be called a doctrine of the Democratic party with much more confidence than expansion can be called a doctrine of the Republican party.


OBVERSE. REVERSE.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL OF THE SECOND ZIONIST CONGRESS.
"Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the nations, . . . and bring them into their own land."

THE SECOND ZIONIST CONGRESS.

WHAT a birthday party we have enjoyed! One year ago, on the closing day of the first Zionist congress, Dr. Theodor Herzl, author of *Der Judenstaat* and foremost in the leadership of the new Zion movement, casually remarked to a circle of friends: "The Roumanian Jews have long believed that the Messiah would be born on this day, the 29th of August. I now share their belief, for I too am persuaded that this day marks the birth of the Messiah, the dawn of a Messianic hope for my people." In this wise the gifted standard-bearer of Zion silenced for all time the cavillings of those who had looked upon Herzl as a self-deluded pseudo-Messiah, and, on the other hand, clearly proclaimed his personal conviction that Zionism was *the*—not *a*—solution of the Jewish question; that, in the memorable words of Max Nordau, "Der Zionismus ist die letzte, grosse moralische Anstrengung der Juden." If, then, August 29, 1897, was the birthday of the Messiah, the 29th of August, 1898, may fairly be said to have been a glorious birthday feast.

The former congress was convened in part in order that some estimate might be formed of the depth of sentiment in Jewry touched into life by the summons, "Let us journey back—in a higher sense, forward—to the land of our fathers." In so far, therefore, the gathering of a twelvemonth ago was experimental in respect of its plans of organization, and limited in the scope of its deliberations. So pronounced at the outset was this feeling of uncertainty as to the outcome, and insecurity as to the consequences, that the Russian delegates not unwisely refrained from public participation in the debates, fearful lest their eagerness to assist in the rebuilding of the Jewish nation might appear treasonable in the sight of over-alert officials. One year had changed all this—in truth, one day, for ere the sun had set on the first day of the first congress a message had gone forth to the farthest ends of the earth, telling that this Jewish assembly, far from being an international conspiracy, was but the modern and popular expression of a noble and olden aim—the undying aspiration of the scattered remnants of a people to put an end to long centuries of sore travail and wandering and homelessness by creating a "Heimstätte" for themselves. And if one year ago the scorner was constrained to respectful silence by the dignity and fervor with which a "mercenary lot" pledged their devotion, like unto Arthurian knights, to the pursuit of an ideal, this year the would-be mockers were moved to admiration of the practical statesmanship with which these idealists had set about the realization of their hopes.

DR. THEODOR HERZL.

One might have searched long and vainly for any sign of wavering or indefiniteness in the character of the second congress, for within a year Zionism had felt and tested and multiplied its own strength. The figures presented by the committee on organization were welcomed in proof of this, showing as they did that the number of organizations formally allied with the cause had increased ninefold within a few months. Statistics are scarce needed on this score, if we but think of the six millions of unhappy Jewish dwellers (citizens they are not) in Russia, Roumania, and Galicia alone, whom only the promise of release from persecution can save from the slough of abject despond by pointing comfortingly and encouragingly to the well-beloved home of their forebears.

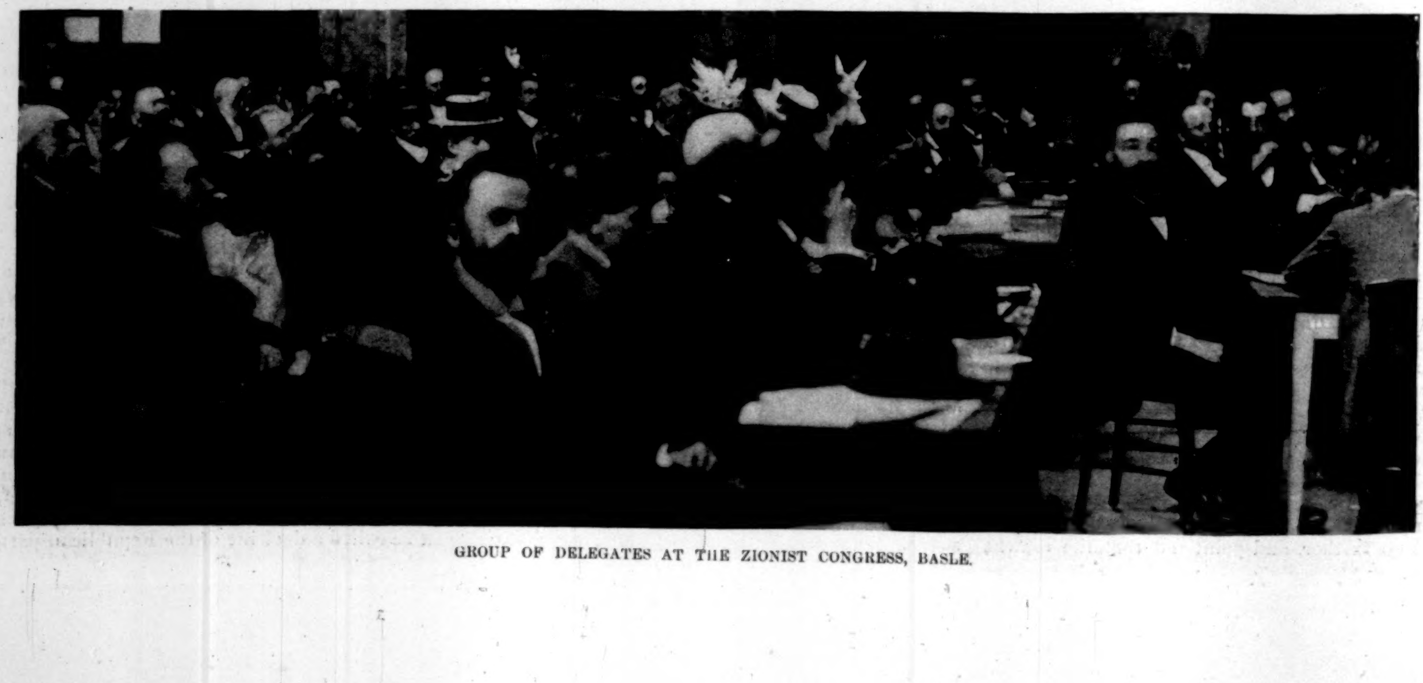
Of far greater moment than any witness to the spread of Zionism among the Jews is the proof, yielded in abundant measure at the various stages of the congress, that Zionism has not merely gained the friendly sympathy of the Christian world, but even arrested the attention of some of Europe's crowned heads. No more watchful listener followed the proceedings of the congress than a certain visitor who is known to have been intrusted by his royal master, Emperor William of Germany, with the duty of preparing a report of the congress in all its many-sidedness. Again, on the last day of the congress, Dr. Herzl, in his official capacity as president of the congress, sent a message of congratulation to the Sultan of Turkey in honor of the celebration of his accession to the throne, to which the "Commander of the Faithful" immediately replied, by the hand of his Lord High Chamberlain, in terms most genial as compared with the ordinarily barren phrases of diplomacy. Will doubters now urge that Wilhelm and Abdul-Hamid have likewise succumbed to the blandishments of the poetry and sentiment which are oft decried as the fatal charm of Zionism? We prefer to recall that these two rulers may some day cast the decisive vote in the settlement of one phase of the Eastern question. By reason of its situation, as well as its natural endowments, Palestine has been happily named "The Gateway of the East." True, but the gate is shut and tightly barred. Who shall open it? The Turks? They lack the gift of initiative, as well as the genius of enterprise. They must be taught and trained to follow whither others have led. Shall the door be opened by one of the European powers? The proposition is unthinkable; against such aggrandizement an invincible concert of the nations would speedily array itself. Shall it not be left to the Jews to open that door, which has never been widely opened since it was closed against the outcasts of Judæa? Inasmuch as Israel is destitute of ambition for temporal power or national supremacy, will not the Jewish reoccupation of Palestine be at one and the same time the simplest and the noblest solution of one of the most perplexing phases of the great Eastern problem?

We can do no more at this place than lightly touch upon the leading incidents which occurred in congress week; for although the delegates were nominally convened for three days, this the greatest synod of the Jews in the eighteen hundred years of the Diaspora, as the congress has justly been styled, lasted throughout the whole of the week, and even longer. On the Sunday prior to the actual assembling of the delegates the minister of the Anglican Church, who conducted services at the improvised chapel of a Basle hotel, pleaded earnestly and eloquently with his Christian hearers in behalf of Zionism. His stirring discourse derived a heightened interest from the frank admission on his part that he was born in Jerusalem, of Jewish-Christian parents, and had lived in the Holy Land until his nineteenth year. Sermon texts are not always of great moment—the personal testimony of a preacher—but the Rev. Mr. Schorr's was of peculiar interest, seeing that his text was the twenty-first verse of the thirty-seventh chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel, which is engraved upon the reverse of the congress medal. How proud we were of this commemorative medal, partly because designed by a French-Jewish Zionist and struck off in the mint of France (an act of rare and saving grace *anno* Dreyfus), furthermore because it so graphically illustrates the purpose of Zionism! The Genius of History points with hand uplifted to the sun of promise rising over the hills of Zion beyond the sea, and is evidently bent upon urging a typical Jewish family to heed the summons of destiny. The father leans heavily upon his travelling-staff, the tragic symbol of his people's lot; the mother holds an infant to her breast; some young children are near by; but the faces of all betoken the resolution to follow the bidding of the vision before them.

Wednesday evening witnessed a splendid demonstration in honor of the arrival of Dr. Herzl. A hundred or more delegates waited at the railroad station for hours in a blinding rain-storm, the enthusiasm of the welcome being marred in slight degree by the failure of the party to have agreed in advance upon some common form of salutation. Master of a dozen tongues though he is, Dr. Herzl was for a moment bewildered by the Babel-like storm of greetings. This was perhaps the only occasion upon which the "polyglotism" of the delegates was noticeable. German, the Jewish Volapük, was the official language, but Hebrew and French were heard on every hand, varied by the occasional accents of Russian, Polish, Roumanian, Arabic, English, Dutch, Italian, and Turkish, most or all of which tongues not a few delegates spoke with equal facility. The following days—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—were given over to a multitude of preliminary conferences on the important questions of policy which it was known would arise. "Safety-valves" these forgatherings were called by a witty German jurist; "peace negotiations" by another, who was cognizant of the many differences to be healed prior to the assembling of the delegates.

A seemingly trivial incident occurred on Friday evening, which afforded the deepest satisfaction to the lovers of Zion in Basle assembled. It was the twenty-sixth day of August, the feast of St. Jacques, in annual commemoration of the great national victory of 1444. As the holiday procession filed by the meeting-place of the congress, the grotesquely attired lines paused under the blue and white flag of Zion unfurled for the first time from the balcony of the Stadt-Casino, and shouted aloud: "Hoch die Juden!" "Hoch die Zionisten!" Herzl was visibly moved by this show of good feeling, and in his presidential address rightly interpreted this friendly act as a sign of sympathy with the manly, outspoken stand taken by the Zionists in their determination to help themselves.

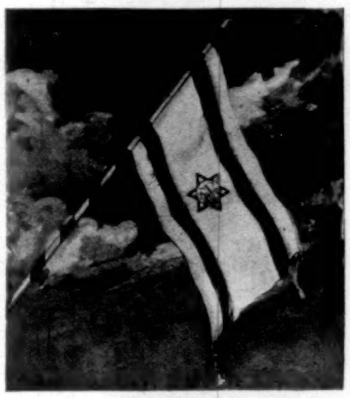
On the Sabbath morning the stately synagogue of the town became the Mecca of the visitors. Favored, blessed shrine! Since last the pilgrims of Jerusalem offered up their prayers in the Temple of the Most High, no altar had sheltered such a body of worshippers, come together literally from the four corners of the earth. What rapt devotion! What tearful entreaty! What fervent thanksgiving! Within these walls there reigned no confusion of tongues, for the speech of the prophets and the sweet singers in Israel lived again. How these hosts thundered forth the *Shemang Yisrael*, Israel's ancient declaration of faith in the unity of God! Instinctively the congregation rose in reverence as Herzl mounted the altar steps and


GROUP OF DELEGATES AT THE ZIONIST CONGRESS, BASLE.

AT THE SECOND ZIONIST CONGRESS, BASLE, SWITZERLAND—SPEAKING FROM THE TRIBUNE.

stood with bowed head before the holy scroll of the Law; and as the "Vorbeter" chanted in a soft minor strain such passages as "Have Thou mercy on Zion, for it is the house of our life," strong men covered their faces and silently wept.

I must forbear to dwell upon the actual proceedings of the congress, and can do no more than make the briefest mention of the chief features of those eventful days. These were, though perhaps not in the order of their importance—first, the scenes of enthusiasm which were enacted at the close of the inaugural address of Herzl, and the incomparably fine review of the past year in Jewry by Dr. Nordau; second, the masterly summary of the aims of Zionism, in which Professor Mandelstamm, the eminent oculist of Kiev, proved the nearest task of Zionism to be the upbuilding of the physical and moral life of the Jewish people as the first step on the way to self-government; third, the tumultuous receptions again and again accorded Bernard Lazare, the French littérateur who paved the way for the revision of the Dreyfus case by burrowing out the proofs of the illegality of the trial and placing them in the hands of Scheurer-Kestner and Émile Zola—these scenes reaching a climax on the day following the adjournment of the congress, when the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry were announced; fourth, the joyous acclaim with which the congress hailed the reading of the Czar's proposal to call a conference of the powers, to the end that the peaceful offices of arbitration be substituted for the cruel arbitraments of war—the congress coupling with these congratulations the heartfelt prayer that the proposed conference deal in a spirit of wisdom and justice with the affairs of the afflicted Jews, and further the return to their ancestral home; fifth, the admirable paper, by Dr. Motzkin, based upon personal study and painstaking investigation, showing that the Holy Land, provided its resources were properly developed, could again be made to support a population of millions; sixth, the *Fest-Commers* of Monday night arranged by the young Zionists of Basle, at which, in true German-student fashion, goblets of Palestinian wine were emptied, amid the singing of tuneful Zion songs in classic Hebrew by a thousand voices, and the presentation of some simple plays, portraying side by side the helpless, wailing Jews of the old Zion and the sturdy, contented husbandmen of Zion the new; seventh, the high order of the post-prandial oratory at the luncheon of Tuesday, given in honor of the representatives of the press, upon which occasion Dr. Herzl, who is editor of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, proudly stated that his book calling attention to the "Judenelend" the world over was put forth as the work of a journalist, for he conceived the office of journalism was to speak of the wrongs of to-day in order that they might be righted on the morrow; eighth, the matchless dignity and beauty of that early Wednesday morning hour when, after a practically continuous day and night sitting, Dr. Herzl brought the congress to a close with the words: "Zionism is both a mournful necessity and a glorious ideal. We are to journey henceforth along new paths; Judaism is about to set out upon a moral pilgrimage. Whither shall the way lead?.... Let us hope for better and brighter days!"—cheers and sobs dying in men's throats as they beheld the first ray of the dawning day fall prophetically upon the noble countenance of their loved leader, and light up a large map of the land of promise hanging overhead.



THE ZIONIST FLAG.

The results of the congress—who can accurately foresee at this early hour? We may, howbeit, confidently declare that a tremendous uplift has been given to the cause by the second Zionist congress. For one thing, Zionism has resolved that the immigration of foreign Jews into Palestine shall not be abetted or countenanced as long as the restrictive and prohibitive laws be not repealed from the statute-books. Zionism will not sanction or even tolerate further evasion; Jews shall not smuggle or beg their way back into Palestine. We shall wait until we can return with head erect and the firm step of men knowing and cherishing their rights. We can wait a little longer, for who will deny to the long-suffering house of Israel the possession of the virtue of patience? Again, acting upon the report of a committee headed by Professor Gottheil of Columbia University, and president of the American Federation of Zionists, the second Zionist congress emphasized the fundamental principle that Zionism shall take no account of the differences touching the religious beliefs and practices of its adherents. We hope to teach the world a lesson in the true meaning of toleration; the most rigidly orthodox shall not be hindered in the performance of Jewish rites and ceremonies as he understands them; on the other hand, the largest freedom shall be allowed such as reject the olden forms and customs of Judaism. Last, the establishment by the congress of the Jewish Colonial Bank at London, with a preliminary capitalization of ten million dollars, shows that, whenever needed, the means will be forth-coming with which to consummate the plans of Zionism. One-tenth of the aforementioned sum had already come to hand unsolicited from the very slender purses of the Russo-Jewish working-classes. Large sums will surely be at the disposal of the cause when such as are favored and prosperous among the Jews will awaken to the understanding of the grandeur of the Zionist movement.

"Ubi bene, ibi patria!" How the world despises such as cling to this maxim, "Wheresoever I am prosperous shall be my home"! Shall the Jew forever be expected to moan in tones of resignation, "Ubi male, ibi patria"? Shall there be no pity for such as cry out from the depth of their misery and suffering, "Where I am hated and wronged cannot be meant to be my father-land"? "Let us go back to our home, to our fathers' land," has become the new watchword. Surely the world will godspeed with love and helpfulness the aims of the Jews, who, after centuries of exile, turn with longing, aching hearts to Zion.

REV. STEPHEN S. WISE,
Secretary for the English Language of the Second Zionist Congress.

THANKSGIVING FOR ALL.

NOVEMBER 24, 1898.

Let all the nations of the earth on this Thanksgiving day
Unite in one grand swelling hymn, and grateful homage pay
For all the mercies of the year, and blessings unsurpassed,
Which have relieved the meed of war by which we've been harassed.

Let Johnny Bull rejoice that he now after many years
Of an estrangement kept alive by bickerings and jeers
With Uncle Sam is friends again, and that across the sea
Their hands once more are firmly clasped in perfect amity.

And let the Cossack folk rejoice that in these latter days
A light has dawned upon the mind that regulates their ways,
For he who seeks the reign of peace cannot be very far
From substituting love for hate in cold Siberia.

And let the Teuton race rejoice that he whose destiny
Has placed him on a lofty throne in glorious majesty
Has lived throughout another year, and in its tedious length
Done nothing to impair at all his people's wondrous strength.

And ancient France, now fallen low, let even France rejoice,
However humbled be her pride, or strident be her voice,
That though she's murdered justice, and is full of shame and dread,
The fact of Zola proves at least her conscience is not dead.

And as for Spain—poor walloped Spain!—she too may join the hymn;
For though her power's broken, and her glories all are dim,
She's lost her chiefest troubles in her mutineering lands,
And knows at last beyond all doubt exactly where she stands.

And Uncle Sam? Well, rather! He should fairly bellow praise
Until the very skies are rent, and all the heavens raise,
For Dewey, Hobson, Sampson, Clark, and all their gallant crew,
For men who stood behind the guns, the grimy stokers too;

For heroes on the hill-side, and for heroes in the vale,
With blood to shed and grit to show before the shotted hail;
For strong and sturdy men at home whose hearts were in the cause
To fight for Justice till 'twas won and give the Tyrant pause!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

STADT-CASINO AT BASLE, WHERE THE CONGRESS MET.

SYNAGOGUE AT BASLE.

DAILY LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

It may seem fanciful or whimsical to recall the fact that the venerable Cardinal Joseph Pecci described the birthplace of Leo XIII., the little Volscian town of Carpineto, as "*an eagle's nest*, placed for security high above the plain, between two gigantic rocks," and then, in immediate conjunction with this statement, to place the equally indisputable assertion that the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome is the first of all the line to look westward searchingly, with such clear vision that he is eminently the foreigner who could supply a just definition of Americanism.

But I find that other students have been led towards a similar conclusion from wholly different starting-points. "My friend Paul Bourget," the Vicomte de Vogüé has written, "defines the American as 'a man who invariably uses the newest method.' This is also the dominant trait in the character of Leo XIII. Within the measure permitted him by a heavy chain of traditions, he does not hesitate to grasp the most modern weapons.... He relies upon the example set by the great popes of the Middle Ages, who, in their day, came down to the market-place, stirred the crowds, and led the people on to new horizons."

M. de Vogüé does not, so far as I have read, expressly refer to the inability of the prisoner of the Vatican to "come down to the market-place" in order to "lead the people on to new horizons," but he dwells upon Leo's desire to speak directly to the masses, to draw them to himself by every means, and in the throne-room he hears expressions that would seem to have been caught west of the Mississippi rather than in the Eastern States: "We must go to the people, conquer the hearts of the people. We must seek the alliance of all honest folk, whatever their origin or opinion." And he makes a point of telling us that the Pope finds time, in his day which somehow balances twenty hours of activity against four hours of rest, good-humoredly to explain his politics to an editor of *Le Petit Journal*. But this expansiveness may follow hours of literary work, in which the Holy Father became so absorbed that he wiped his pen on his white sleeve.

And the same writer, who is, among Frenchmen, probably the most competent observer in this particular field, says that Leo XIII. "looks upon mysterious America as Noah must have gazed at the peak of Mount Ararat when the waters of the deluge were rising, seeking there the place of refuge in which the divine promises shall be fulfilled, and whence the rescued people may start afresh and begin a new cycle of life."

In the vast building, begun in the time of Charlemagne and improved and enlarged by saintly, penitent, or ostentatious persons during a thousand years, until it has now eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two rooms, Leo XIII. is still in character and manner unchanged since the time when, as Bishop of Perugia, he composed his pastoral letter on the abuses of magnetism. Indeed, one may go further: the characteristic marks of the native of south-Italian mountains have not been effaced in the eighty-eight years of his life. Constant devotion to the highest ideals, daily contacts with the most cosmopolitan people, have not altogether prevailed against certain formative influences that he shared with other inhabitants of the little town situated in a cleft of the Monti Lepini. Both Signor Giovanni Amadi and Mr. F. Marion Crawford have been especially impressed with the many evidences of this survival, and no doubt the reader of the present sketch will recognize traits that suggested to the Italian writer, as well as the American, that eyry in the southern mountains where Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis, fourth son of Count Domenico Lodovico Pecci, was born, on March 2, 1810.

Summer and winter the Pope is awake at six o'clock in the morning, and rather before than after that hour; and he may have, in token of a sleepless night, a piece of Italian or Latin poetry to dictate to one of the secretaries before mass. Or maybe there is some more practical affair that has kept him awake while he outlined the essential points in an argument, an appeal, a letter of instructions (in this case he dictates from the notes, which are afterwards scrupulously destroyed). This immense capacity for literary work is only one manifestation of the uncommon vigor derived from his early training. Mr. Crawford has called attention to the fact that not only were the conditions at Carpineto most favorable to health, but that "as a boy he was excessively fond of birding, the only form of sport afforded by that part of Italy"; and still—or until the last year or two—one could hear it said in the Vatican, "*Il Papa corre sempre.*" In addition to the four or five hours of sleep at night, he allows himself a nap after dinner (in a little room containing only an old lounge and an easy-chair), but otherwise he has occupations from morning till night. To begin the day he says early mass, ordinarily in the chapel in his private apartments, but on Sundays and feast-days in a room that is large enough to accommodate the visitors who have received permission to be present. Dressed in a cassock of pure white, a circle of snow-white hair showing beneath the white skull-cap, or beretta, the Pope is seen holding a silver aspersory, sprinkling holy water on the assembled worshippers; and so much in harmony with his surroundings is this figure that Rev. Bernard O'Reilly is led to say, "It is as if one of Fra Angelico's glorified saints had walked out of the canvas, or come down from the frescoes on the wall, and shone on us." Immediately after saying mass himself he hears a second one, said by a private chaplain. The second mass of thanksgiving being finished, an arm-chair is brought and placed on the Epistle side, and the Pope is seated. All present go forward in turn, to kneel at his feet, kiss his hand, and receive communion. Then a frugal breakfast follows of coffee and a bit of bread and goat's milk.

At ten o'clock the Secretary of State is in consultation with the Holy Father, and this conference lasts until about eleven; but on Tuesdays and Fridays the Under-Secretary confers with the Pope, while the diplomatic corps assembles in the apartments of the Secretary of State; and there is also the duty of receiving ambassadors and distinguished Italians and foreigners. The congregations of cardinals report regularly, and we barely intimate the importance of the subject-matter thus reported when we state that all things connected with the administration of a Church numbering perhaps two hundred millions are divided among these standing committees. In some cases the sessions are actually held in the Pope's presence, and even when that additional tax upon his attention and his strength is avoided, it still remains true, as the author last quoted asserts, that his "solicitude extends to every diocese and mission on the surface of the globe." And besides these, many other congregations and commissions charged with special work must satisfy Leo's demands for the utmost regularity, punctuality, and exactness in their reports. The Cardinal Vicar has his audience every Saturday evening to report on affairs of the diocese of Rome, when every detail is gone into most carefully. The progress of the various schools, primary and secondary, and of the higher institutions of learning, the condition of the confraternities, and the parochial work in all the churches are to the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, matters of such interest that he insists upon examining and judging for himself, even when these departments are confided to his ablest lieutenants.

If we were to speak at greater length of the congregations and commissions devoted to the studies in which Leo XIII. has always especially excelled, the enumeration would seem needlessly precise. In a single sentence, then, let us convey a sense of activity in the discharge of duties that form a series "as uninterrupted as the circulation of the blood": After having received ambassadors, archbishops, bishops, pilgrims, deputations, and addresses from Catholic unions and committees and congresses, the quiet hours of the night are reached; but then, in the time that others give to sleep, Leo's encyclicals, his consistorial allocutions, his addresses to pilgrims, deputations, and societies, his most important bulls or constitutions, are written or corrected.[*]

Between breakfast and dinner the Pope takes a cup of broth, and he dines about an hour after noon. When the weather is fine enough to permit of walking or driving in the gardens, two Noble Guards and a corps of fifty monsignori ride beside the carriage doors. Mr. Crawford gives many interesting details in this connection. During the great heat of summer, after mass the Holy Father goes into the gardens and spends the whole day there, receiving as he would in the Vatican, dining and resting in the fresh air. In the evening he attends at a recitation of the rosary, or evening prayers, by his private chaplain; then retires to his room, where he reads and writes. A light supper is brought to him about ten o'clock. Virgil and Dante are his favorite poets, and he knows a great part of both by heart. He reads the newspapers, of course, but to save time the most important and interesting passages are marked. He particularly likes to see and talk with men of letters.

Of late years the services in St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel have not been conducted by the Pope, who nevertheless makes a concession in favor of the many strangers who visit Rome during Holy Week, and celebrates mass in the Sala Ducale.

Magnificent staircases of marble lead to the Pope's apartments, and before coming into his presence one must pass through eight anterooms, where soldiers of the Swiss Guard with their mediæval halberds and the courtly Maestro di Camera may perhaps divide the visitor's attention with the matchless objects of art and of historical interest accumulated in this building, that was designed to stand forever. Reigning sovereigns and persons of distinction are received in the grand throne-room, beyond which the princes' suites are not admitted, though the Pope may retire with his special guest to the small private throne-room.

It is understood that strict economy is observed in the management of the Vatican. The splendid and costly objects that one sees are gifts. All money contributed by Catholics in the various countries of the globe (in the aggregate a very large sum, of course) is held in trust for the Church, used in the purchase of Italian national bonds, or otherwise invested, the finances being under the "direct and exceedingly thrifty control of the Pope himself." The Pope's personal tastes are so simple that the expense of his table is said to be less than 250 lire a month, or about one dollar and a half a day.

The rare union of qualities suited to the varied and exacting duties of his position has been well summarized by one of our authorities, who says: "The head of the Catholic Church to-day must be a modern man, statesman, and administrator as well as Holy Father—and he is all four in the august person of Leo XIII.; he must be able to cope with difficulties as well as with heresies; he must lead his men as well as guide his flock; he must be the Church's steward as well as her consecrated arch-head; he must be the reformer of manners as well as the preserver of faith; he must be the understander of men's venial mistakes as well as the censor of their mortal sins."

The photographs on pages 1156 and 1157 were selected for reproduction in this issue of the Weekly from a large number taken by Mr. W. Kennedy-Laurie Dickson, for the mutoscope and biograph, who gives an interesting account of his experiences at the Vatican.

"I was granted five separate sittings," Mr. Dickson says. "Two scenes were taken in the upper Loggia of the Vatican. A carefully planned picture of his Holiness driving through the gardens of the Vatican (April 20) was the next achievement. Several weeks later I was admitted to the Vatican gardens, on which occasion his Holiness recognized the biograph, and asked if it were not the same apparatus and I the same gentleman he had seen in the Loggia early in the summer. On receiving an affirmative reply, he laughed, and said, 'Oh, then we must do something for him!' That evening the camera was placed opposite the door of the garden villa, and the Holy Father kindly lent himself to the requirements of the biograph. A valuable series of views was obtained, in connection with which Leo XIII. showed a kindly and intelligent interest. He asked me how long I would remain in Rome. I replied that that depended entirely upon his Holiness. 'I am altogether at your disposal,' he answered, 'and am charmed to assist you by every means in my power.' When I rose to go he detained me, entering with extreme cordiality into my description of the manner in which the mutoscopes would be placed and their important use in bringing his Holiness before that large number of people who were debarred from a pilgrimage to Rome, and the reception of the Pontifical blessing.

"When, a little later, I submitted to Leo XIII. the mutoscope containing the living reproduction of himself, he betrayed the most gleeful interest, exclaiming frequently, 'Oh, see me blessing!' Then to Monsignor della Volpa, 'Why, how splendid you look!'

"At the close of the interview I said, 'Holy Father, will you not complete the sum of my indebtedness by giving me one more sitting in the garden by the Summer Villa?' He laughed and shook his head. 'Have you not enough?' 'No,' I answered; 'but give me to-morrow morning, and I will promise to be content.' His Holiness was silent a minute, and then said: 'Well, then, I agree, but not for to-morrow morning. To-morrow afternoon at six o'clock.'

"Next day, punctually at the hour agreed, the superb carriage was seen winding its way along the avenue. The guards fell into position, and Monsignor della Volpa and Count Pecci—the one glorious in robes of scarlet and purple, the other stately in blue and gold—advanced to meet his Holiness. Roar, roar, went the great machine, all fell on their knees, and the Pontiff walked to the stone bench beside the gate. After a brief interval, during which he conversed easily with his immediate attendants, his Holiness rose to complete the programme agreed upon, and began to cross the intervening space to the throne; but here an unavoidable contretemps occurred. My assistant

COLOR-SERGEANT GEORGE BERRY, TROOP D, 10TH U. S. CAVALRY,
Who carried the Colors of the 10th and 3d Cavalry in the Charge at San Juan Hill, Santiago.
[See Page 1151.]

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[*] See *Life of Leo XIII.*, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D., p. 575.

had been so hurried that he had not had time to replace another film, so I was forced to beg his Holiness to return to the bench while this was being done—a request with which he cheerfully complied. I then threaded the machine in breathless haste, pivoting it in the direction of the throne, after which I invited his Holiness to pass into the picture, which he did, scattering smiles and benedictions, and interchanging remarks with his nephew and the maggiordomo, and finally taking his seat right royally upon the crimson throne. Before leaving, the Pontiff gave me a special blessing, and laughingly demanded if I were at last satisfied."

Harper's Weekly has been fortunate in securing the exclusive right to reproduce a number of these photographs prior to their first exhibition, which will be a private one, to be given in Washington, D. C., next Wednesday evening, before a company of Roman Catholic dignitaries, headed by Monsignor Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, and Cardinal Gibbons, and including Dr. Conaghty and Dr. Garrigan, the rector and the vice-rector of the Catholic University of America, Dr. Rucker, secretary of the papal legation, Rev. Dr. John D. Whitney, rector of Georgetown University, and many other dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America. Marrion Wilcox.

A SABLE HERO.

George Berry, Troop D, Tenth Cavalry, with the rank of First Sergeant, was retired at Camp Forse, Huntsville, Alabama, November 1, 1898. That the man is alive to-day seems nothing short of a miracle, because of his conduct at San Juan Hill, where, under heavy fire, fifty feet in advance of his comrades, he waved aloft two flags, the stars and stripes of the Tenth and the Third Cavalry.

This hero did not burst upon his commanding officers as first distinguished for gallantry in the war with Spain. He had long before won his laurels, having, during his thirty years' service in the army, actively participated in six separate campaigns, against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Comanches, Apaches, Utes, in Colorado, Kansas, Texas, and New Mexico.

Sergeant Berry, who, after the manner of all real heroes, is modest of his own achievements, in speaking of his action at San Juan Hill, where he successfully planted the colors of his own regiment upon the works from which the Spaniards were even then running away, said:

"Where did my courage come from? It came from our 'war chief,' Captain Ayres. When I saw him leading his men, waving his hat in the air, shouting out like a trumpet to the soldiers to follow, I took the two sets of colors and ran, calling as I ran: 'Dress on the colors, boys! Dress on the colors!'"

During the recent peace celebration in Philadelphia, as this sable hero, bearing the tattered battle-flags he had carried so gallantly at Las Guasimas, San Juan, and Santiago, marched in the procession with the Tenth Cavalry, he was pelted with roses from the balconies and stands crowded with people.

The picture on the opposite page shows Sergeant Berry standing near Captain Ayres's tent at Huntsville, Alabama. In his left hand he holds his regimental national colors, while in his right is the regimental flag ribboned by the Spanish bullets in the three great land battles of the Spanish-American war. Katherine E. Thomas.

MUSIC

NEW COMIC OPERAS—A NOTE ON AN OLD SERIOUS ONE.

A story used to be told of an eminent Boston clergyman that, when a little boy, and often a naughty little boy, he would hold out for hours at a time under punishment before capitulating toward proper behavior. One such state of unrepentance kept him seated in a corner almost all day. Suddenly the culprit—he was afterwards to be known as the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks—burst out laughing and got down from his perch, exclaiming, with his sunniest cheerfulness: "I can't help being good, mother, in spite of myself! It's too much bother to stay bad!"

"The Jolly Musketeer."

Our American comic opera, as has been pointed out lately in this journal, is more and more in the development when it seems easier for it to be good than to be bad. In spite of whatever is interpolated to give it the old aspect, I beg to maintain that it now is advanced surprisingly beyond ancient lines. The plots are entertaining, and touched—albeit incongruously—with seriousness. They give room for writing and for acting in an opera-comique vein. The dialogue is amusing, and the music is musicianly. The whole plane of actual interpretation—I mean the orchestral service and the singing—is almost wholly of an artistic order. "The Jolly Musketeer," now at the Broadway Theatre, is the latest example of this argument, and an excellent one. It is true that Mr. Stanislaus Stange and Mr. Julian Edwards must needs write the libretto and music around the personality and the purposes of Mr. Jefferson De Angelis. Mr. De Angelis is a low-comedian of very broad methods in fun-making, and he is not more of a singer than one is allowed to rank him by most liberal kindness for his intentions. Again, Mr. De Angelis has in the piece what a harmonist would call a perfect second in Mr. Harry Macdonough. Mr. Macdonough is another singing low-comedian, with almost as much natural humor as has Mr. De Angelis (I do not want to slight that rare blessing), but of cruder vein. Both these gentlemen are shining and tireless devisers of horse-play; exceedingly amusing in what really is an excrescence in the piece. Such goings-on always will be excrescences, especially if so outrageously funny. Something is wrong with the spleen or the bank account of a man who cannot laugh at the cat duet and the gymnastics of *Henri de Beaupret* and *Didot Blanc*. But if you will dismiss for a moment their clowneries, and will ask what "The Jolly Musketeer" is without them, you have, all the same, a genial, graceful, laudable remainder. The plot, turning on Richelieu's effort to suppress duelling, and on a rivalry between two friends in the Cardinal-Duke's Musketeer Guards, is romantic in the Dumas key, as well as comic. The libretto which Mr. Stange has shaped is not much, but it is distinctly effective, and it is carried from one actual incident to another with sound libretto-carpentering. One scene in it is capital comedy—that in which an excited lover is kept on an open balcony during a thunder-storm, watching his best friend's successful wooing. The music that Mr. Edwards has written, except for some lapsing toward the Vienna pattern, is remarkably charming. It is unbrokenly melodious in that light, dexterous way, which has the happy effect of sounding unstudied, though it means a careful hand and peculiarly lucid notions of operetta. Except for one concerted number—notably pretty—done in the Sullivan manner, Offenbach is more happily hinted than in any such score before us this long while. The good singing of everybody assisting Mr. De Angelis is as much a trait in "The Jolly Musketeer" as is the merrymaking of its lively little protagonist—who, by-the-bye, as *Henri de Beaupret*, often shows how sincerely well he can act, as well as merely cut capers, higher than Sir Andrew Aguecheek's. Miss Bertha Walzinger and Miss Maud Hollins each sing so well that the honors of a prima donna are evenly divided. Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler takes a long step toward real individuality by his well-balanced, spirited acting, and by singing everything in his part even better than he did the small rôle of which he made much in "The Geisha." The chorus and orchestra are satisfactory, the costumes rich, and the scenery has atmosphere as well as color. "The Jolly Musketeer" is successful, and it should be successful, even if its humor were exploited in much more subdued, refined, and reserved methods.

JULIA ARTHUR AS *PARTHENIA.*

The Alvary Fund.

In postscript to a reference last week to the death of Mr. Max Alvary, and to the disastrous circumstances in which his illness had left a most amiable family, many readers of Harper's Weekly should be interested in knowing that a modest fund for securing to Mrs. Alvary and to her children a home and maintenance is in progress, under the care of Mrs. Edward G. Love, of No. 80 East Fifty-fifth Street, in this city. To her all remittances can be sent, and they will be forwarded promptly to Mrs. Alvary. A relatively small sum, as such things go in this country, is lacking. If all those who remember the dead singer with pleasure will only give the price, or even half the price, of the opera-ticket that admitted them to a Wagner performance, the mortgage on the house in Thuringia will soon be cancelled. The matter has been in progress some time, but it was desired to keep it from the knowledge of Mr. Alvary, and it is really public only since his decease. Nothing of the kind could be more suitable than its success.

Of the Tomb-Tableau in Weber's "Euryanthe."

"Euryanthe," that masterly opera of Weber, is announced for a special revival at the Royal Opera in Berlin. The work has fallen into an improper disuse on all those German stages which should keep so noble a score before its own public. New York did high honor to it in 1887–88. During that season, "Euryanthe" was performed repeatedly here in the finest possible way, under the late Anton Seidl, with Lilli Lehmann (*Euryanthe*), Marianne Brandt (*Eglantine*), Max Alvary (*Adolar*), and Ernst Fischer (*Lysiart*). Madame Lehmann sang the title rôle for the first time in her long career, and incomparably well. We have heard the magnificent overture played here again, on the orchestra's recent visit to us. I often read with interest what Mr. William F. Apthorp writes as music-reviewer for the *Boston Transcript*, and I must confess to a good deal of surprise on discovering a curious statement in his programme notes; one that, in fact, seems inexplicable. It is—or should be—well known to every professional concert-goer that the overture to "Euryanthe" contains a passage hingeing on one of the most singular devices ever attempted in all romantic opera. In the middle of the overture to Weber's work its brilliant movement subsides. The curtain is slowly raised. A vast tomb is seen in a vault by a dim hanging light. *Euryanthe* is discerned on her knees praying beside the coffin of the poisoned *Emma*, while the wicked *Lady Eglantine* is crouched in shadow, spying on her. At the same time a set of strange and ghostly harmonies are heard in the orchestra from an unmuted viola (that soul of instrumental melancholy) sustained by and contrasted with muted violins—a striking combination. Then, slowly as before, the tableau fades, and the curtain descends. On rushes the overture through its former gorgeous stress to its close. The whole episode, the interpolated tomb tableau and the orchestral incident, are part and parcel of each other, and Weber, in fact, shaped them both expressly to make a little clearer the opera's incoherent and mutilated libretto. When "Euryanthe" was presented in New York every music-reviewer was on the *qui vive* to know whether Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, then the manager of our Opera House, would give the tableau, and so would present Weber's work as Weber wrote it. In Germany, managers have been careless about the matter, important as it is, and usually cut the tableau quite out. Luckily, Mr. Seidl, Mr. Alvary, Madame Lehmann (who sang the great rôle of *Euryanthe* for the first time), Madame Brandt, and Mr. Stanton were all of one mind. The tomb-scene was given, and nobody who ever attended those representations will forget the effect of it, external detail as it was in a presentation of the highest musical and dramatic force. It was one of the many instances of the good conscience toward art that entered into those Metropolitan seasons of old. Boston is not far from New York, and I should suppose reference-books were almost superfluous in so accomplished a reviewer's library. I am puzzled, therefore, to understand what is Mr. Apthorp's authority for the following:

> Now we come upon one of the most originally poetic episodes in all Weber. The passage is borrowed from the scene in the forest in the second act of the opera. In slow *Largo* [*sic*] eight violins *soli e con sordini* play the most mysterious sustained harmonies in scarcely audible *pianissimo*—the violas soon entering beneath them with a subdued *tremolo*, like the soft rustling of leaves.

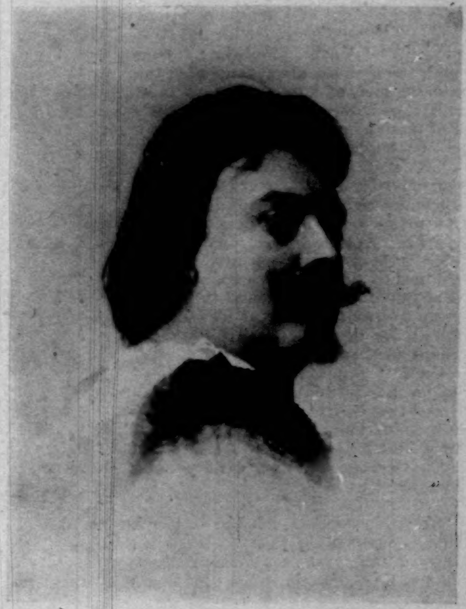
Opera in Chicago

The opera season in Chicago seems to have pleased the discerning of that city, as so strong a stellar organization certainly could be expected to do. But the audiences have not been proportionately large. Next Monday evening brings the opening of the Metropolitan official season. Many of Mr. Grau's singers are already with us, and the rest are on their winding way as I write. In Chicago, Mr. Ernest Van Dyk has been the most potent attraction. A portrait on this page presents him in one of his lighter parts—*Lionel* in "Martha." E. Irenæus Stevenson.

DRAMA

The Virtue of a True Convention.

The success of "Im Weissen Röss'l" (at the White Horse Inn), Blumenthal & Kadelburg's latest farce, at the Irving Place Theatre, is an apt illustration of the fact that a true convention is more serviceable than a false one, even in the least legitimate field of the drama. A previous farce by the same authors, "Number 9," produced a year ago at Daly's Theatre, turned on one of the commonest false conventions known to the stage. The various men in the play were embarrassed in their marital and other relations by the discovery of those same old amatory episodes. For a proper enjoyment of the farce it was necessary to assume that husbands are not to be expected to be very scrupulous, and that wives and parents-in-law are nuisances generally. The farce was fresh in its machinery—the men-folk had been inveigled into their misdèeds to furnish material for a kinetoscope exhibition that later exhibited in their town; it was brisk and unexpected in its development, and was presented as well as Mr. Daly knew how. Yet it failed. The present farce is antediluvian in comparison, yet its wholesome fun kept the audience in a ripple of delight throughout the evening. The situations come from the love affairs of the inn people and their guests. Everybody is allowed to be genial and wholesome—as people mostly are—and those who show whims and crotchets turn out to be not half bad. In the end all the young people fall happily in love, as young people mostly have done, in spite of *Lysander* and of Shakspere himself, ever since the course of true love was invented; and all the Blumenthal-Kadelburg jokes, of which there were many excellent examples, warm the heart and tickle the diaphragm. This, I take it, is high praise, for there are only a few things in dramatic art more worthy than wholesome and natural amusement.



ERNEST VAN DYK,

Tenor, with the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

To be strictly just, there are a few fresh touches in the piece. One of them is the part of a young woman who lisps so badly that she only dares to say "yes" and "no." She finds her soul's mate in a young fellow who is prematurely bald beneath a jauntily ribboned hat. He teaches her to say "Ich bin dir gut" and "Ich liebe dich" without the shadow of a lisp. Her father (Franz Kierschner) is a dear old scholar, whose stipend is so slender that he

Edith Hendee. Bertha Waltzinger. Maud Hollins. Helena Frederick.

QUARTETTE IN "THE JOLLY MUSKETEER," NOW PLAYING AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

has to drink water and forswear tobacco in order that, one summer out of four, he may gratify his passion for travel. By this means he has travelled "almost everywhere"—in German Switzerland, Austrian Switzerland, French Switzerland, and Italian Switzerland. He has missed only the true Switzerland—that is too dear. When his daughter is betrothed to the bald young man, he is given his first glass of champagne, and drinks it with mingled feelings at the thought that each sip costs as much as a kilometre and a half of travel. Herr Direktor Conried and his people deserve all success, for no theatre in town produces so many good plays. Last season they produced seventy-two, and the list includes all kinds, from farces and children's plays to Suderman, Humperdinck, and Ibsen.

An adaptation of "Im Weissen Röss'l" will be presented later by Mr. Daniel Frohman.

The obnoxious Critic.

It has become the duty of this department to accuse two of the most popular theatres in New York of the gravest offence known to the theatrical profession. I mean the offence of indulging in dramatic criticism. The gravity of this cannot be fully appreciated by the unprofessional world. When Mr. Booth founded The Players, he was unwilling to admit his life-long friend, Mr. William Winter, because of Mr. Winter's nefarious connection with the New York *Tribune;* and though the club has always included the American men of letters who are most familiar with the stage, not a mother's son of them is permitted to have his say about contemporary plays and play-actors. At The Lambs, it is said, the mildest-mannered critic that ever cut a throat has not the right to cross the threshold that confronts the bar. Yet the stages of Messrs. Koster & Bial and Messrs. Weber & Fields every year give a dressing down to the most prominent plays and actors of the season; and these gentlemen confront the bar at The Lambs without let or hinderance. They are perhaps in a position similar to that of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who, to his profound satisfaction, discovered that he had spoken prose all his life without knowing it; but I doubt if they would be as delighted to learn that they have long been our most popular dramatic critics.

Sir Andy de Bootjack.

"Sir Andy de Bootjack," at Koster & Bial's, is notable for the fact that *Mr. Augustin Daly* and *Mr. Richard Mansfield* act as chorus in frock-coats and top-hats, and help along the burlesque considerably by wrangling as to their respective rights in the play, and as to what speeches shall go to *Roxiana Rehan* (Josephine Hall), and what to *Sir Andy*. When *Mr. Daly* asks *Sir Andy* to join his company, *Sir Andy* lampoons him with a parody of *Cyrano's* reply to the similar request from *De Guiche.* What, give up my freedom as a man? No, thank you! Submit myself to whims and crotchets? *No, thank you!* Have all my fattest speeches cut out, or put into the mouth of a woman? No, THANK YOU! Theatrical writers have been pretty outspoken as to these points, but for the knock-down blow commend me to the Thirty-fourth Street critics. Some of the charges are so lacking in amenity that it is not possible even to repeat them. Mr. Daly's shortcomings as a manager are well known, but our critical writers have never been sufficiently bold or sufficiently forgetful of his great services to our stage to permit themselves the license of these members of Mr. Daly's own profession. The lack of amenity is, as one might expect, an index to its lack of humor. It flatly failed.

Cyranose de Bric-à-brac.

"Cyranose de Bric-à-brac," at Weber & Fields's, is as delightfully good-humored as "Sir Andy de Bootjack" was stupid and painful. It is full of rollicking fun, of the kind that could be recognized as coming from Henry B. Smith, even if his name were not on the programme. The baker-poet is *Ragamuffin*, "author of half-baked verses, the only poet who ever had any 'dough.'" Mr. Joseph Weber introduces himself in the part as follows:

> I am a baker with the soul of a poet,
> And I like at all the theatres to go it.

I don't think that any of the rhymes in Mr. Mansfield's version are worse than that. *Cyranose* is described as a "champion middle-weight duellist, poet, meddler, rubber-neck-and-nose specialist." The part is taken with great spirit by Mr. Lou Fields. "I never enchoy myself," says *Cyrano* in the well-known dialect, "unless I'm being inzulted." The duel in verse arises from the fact that he is asked if he is "stuck on" his nose, or if his nose is stuck on him. The duel takes the form of a boxing-match to the accompaniment of a cake-walk. If Mr. Mansfield could see how nearly Mr. Fields's cake-walk tread resembles his own *Cyrano's* airy Gascon carriage, I do not think he could fail to be amused. In the balcony scene, *Cyranose* shouts to *Roxy*, "Come oudt, come oudt, I've got a bunch of langwidges I want to t'row at you!" That is the word for *Cyranose's* speeches—a bunch of langwidges! In the end *Roxy* says to *Cyranose*, "You won't marry me, not even after fourteen years?" *Cyranose* intimates that he is more stuck on his nose than on her, and she waltzes off with the *Count de Peach*, to the audible delight of the women in the audience. Mr. Smith's fun is all so genial and genuine that the lover of *Cyrano* can laugh with the best of consciences.

Harry Macdonough. Jefferson De Angelis.

"THE WAY TO WOO A WOMAN."
Duet in "The Jolly Musketeer."

Song 'n' Dance Criticism.

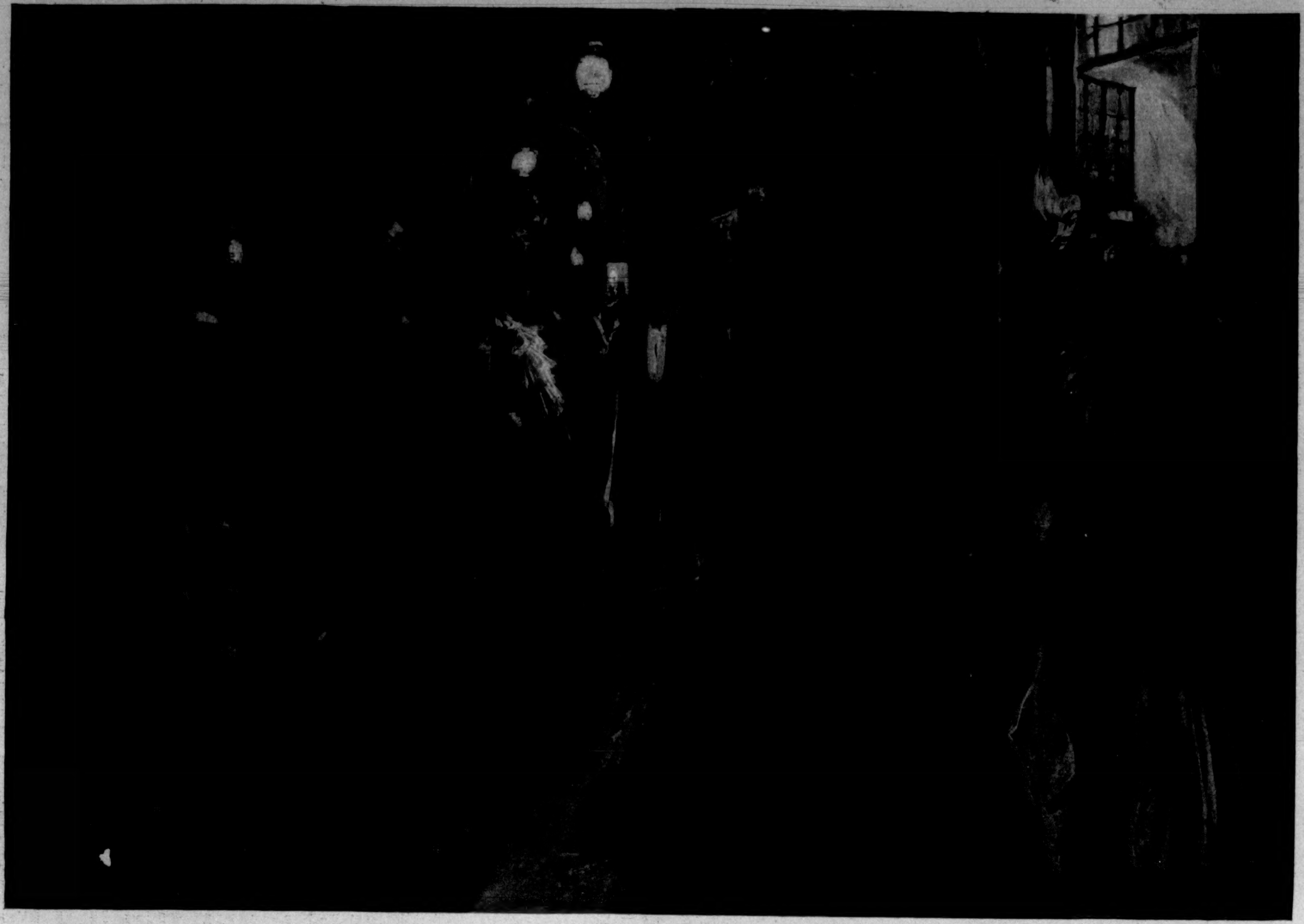
The virtue of a burlesque is that in some undefinable manner it suggests the atmosphere of the original. A stupid or a malicious take-off is an offence to every artistic sensibility; but a good take-off is not only infinitely amusing, but has a rare poetic delight. For example, in "One More Last Ride Together," and in the sonnet on the two voices—"one is of the deep .... and one is of an old half-witted sheep, and, Wordsworth, both are thine"—J. K. S[tevens] has given us more of the best quality of Browning and Wordsworth than is to be found in reams of their minor verse. It is only a step from the ridiculous to the sublime. I am not saying that Mr. Smith's "Cyranose" is all as suggestive of the original as the lines I have quoted from it. Much of it is mere buffoonery. But at times it does recreate the atmosphere of the original and comments upon it. In a word, it is true criticism, and criticism of the highest order. I say this even at the risk of imperilling his popularity with the profession.

Such criticism has usually thriven side by side with the arts—even the dramatic art! The earliest criticisms of "Hamlet," for instance, are in plays and poems that did for the Elizabethan theatre much the same service that Weber & Fields's is doing for ours. The satirical phrases that one finds are innumerable; for instance:

> I will not cry *Hamlet, Revenge* my greeves,
> But I will call *Hang-man, Revenge* on thieves.

Thomas Lodge tells of an "incarnate divel" who "looks as pale as the Visard of ye ghost which cried so miserably at ye Theator like an oister wife, *Hamlet, Revenge.*" In Paris, the most artistic modern community, there is a Latin Quarter Theatre that on each New-Year's reviews the popular plays of the season with all of the wit and none of the propriety one finds at Weber & Fields's. Wherever there is a truly vigorous theatrical life there will be theatrical criticism. That is one of the many hardships suffered by the most sensitive of professions. The only thing they would find more unendurable is that there should be no press notices.

JOHN CORBIN.



THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW—SCENE AT THE ENTRANCE TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN THE EVENING.—DRAWN BY H. C. CHRISTY.—[SEE PAGE 1165.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XXI.

PRESENTING himself in Buckingham Crescent three days after the Sunday spent at Mertle, Vanderbank found Lady Fanny Cashmore in the act of taking leave of Mrs. Brook, and found Mrs. Brook herself in the state of muffled exaltation that was the mark of all her intercourse—and most of all perhaps of her farewells—with Lady Fanny. This splendid creature gave out, as it were, so little that Vanderbank was freshly struck with all Mrs. Brook could take in, though nothing, for that matter, in Buckingham Crescent, had been more fully formulated than the imperturbable grandeur of this very absence, on the part of the famous beauty, of articulation. Every aspect of the phenomenon had been freely discussed there and endless ingenuity lavished on the question of how exactly it was that so much of what the world would in another case have called complete stupidity could be kept by a mere wonderful face from boring one to death. It was Mrs. Brook who, in this relation as in many others, had arrived at the supreme expression of the law, had thrown off, happily enough, to whomever it might have concerned: "My dear thing, it all comes back, as everything always does, simply to personal pluck. It's only a question, no matter when or where, of having enough. Lady Fanny has the courage of all her silence—so much therefore that it sees her completely through and is what really makes her interesting. Not to be afraid of what may happen to you when you've no more to say for yourself than a steamer without a light—that truly is the highest heroism, and Lady Fanny's greatness is that she is never afraid. She takes the risk every time she goes out—takes, as you may say, her life in her hand. She just turns that glorious mask upon you and practically says: 'No, I won't open my lips—to call it really open—for the forty minutes I shall stay; but I calmly defy you, all the same, to kill me for it.' And we don't kill her—we delight in her; though when either of us watches her in a circle of others it's like seeing a very large blind person in the middle of Oxford Street. One fairly looks about for the police." Vanderbank, before his fellow-visitor withdrew it, had the benefit of the glorious mask and could scarce have failed to be amused at the manner in which Mrs. Brook alone showed the stress of thought. Lady Fanny, in the other scale, sat aloft and Olympian, so that though, visibly, much had happened between the two ladies it had all happened only to the hostess. The sense in the air in short was just of Lady Fanny herself, who came to an end like a banquet or a procession. Mrs. Brook left the room with her and, on coming back, was full of it. "She'll go, she'll go!"

"Go where?" Vanderbank appeared to have for the question less attention than usual.

"Well, to the place her companion will propose; probably—like Anna Karénine—to one of the smaller Italian towns."

"Anna Karénine? She isn't a bit like Anna."

"Of course she isn't so clever," said Mrs. Brook. "But that would spoil her. So it's all right."

"I'm glad it's all right," Vanderbank laughed. "But I dare say we shall still have her with us awhile."

"We shall do that, I trust, whatever happens. She'll come up again—she'll remain, I feel, one of those enormous things that fate seems somehow to have given me as the occupation of my odd moments. I don't see," Mrs. Brook added, "what still keeps her on the edge, which isn't an inch wide."

Vanderbank looked, this time, as if he only tried to wonder. "Isn't it *you?*"

Mrs. Brook mused more deeply. "Sometimes I think so. But I don't know."

"Yes, how *can* you, of course, know, since she can't tell you?"

"Oh, if I depended on her telling—!" Mrs. Brook shook out, with this, a sofa cushion or two and sank into the corner she had arranged. The August afternoon was hot and the London air heavy; the room moreover, though agreeably bedimmed, gave out the staleness of the season's end. "If you hadn't come to-day," she went on, "you would have missed me till I don't know when, for we've let the Hovel again—wretchedly, but still we've let it—and I go down on Friday to see that it isn't too filthy. Edward, who's furious at what I've taken for it, had his idea that we should go there this year ourselves."

"And now"—Vanderbank took her up—"that fond fancy has become simply the ghost of a dead thought, a ghost that, in company with a thousand predecessors, haunts the house in the twilight and pops at you out of odd corners."

"Oh, Edward's dead thoughts are indeed a cheerful company and worthy of the perpetual mental mourning we seem to go about in. They're worse than the relations we're always losing without seeming to have any fewer; and I expect every day to hear that the *Morning Post* regrets to have to announce in that line too some new bereavement. The apparitions following the deaths of so many thoughts *are* particularly awful in the twilight, so that at this season, while the day drags and drags, I'm glad to have any one with me who may keep them at a distance."

Vanderbank had not sat down; slowly, familiarly, he turned about. "And where's Nanda?"

"Oh, *she* doesn't help—she attracts rather the worst of the spooks. Edward and Nanda and Harold and I seated together are fairly a case for that—what do you call it?—investigating Society. Deprived of the sweet resource of the Hovel," Mrs. Brook continued, "we shall each, from about the tenth on, forage somehow or other for ourselves. Mitchy perhaps," she added, "will insist on taking us to Baireuth."

"That will be his way, you mean, of foraging for *himself?*"

Mrs. Brook just hesitated. "Unless you should prefer to take it as your own way."

Vanderbank appeared for a moment, obligingly enough, to turn this over, but with the effect of perceiving an objection. "Oh, I'm afraid that I shall have to grind straight through the month, and that by the time I'm free every Ring, at Baireuth, will certainly have been rung. Is it your idea to take Nanda?" he asked.

She reached out for another cushion. "If it's impossible for you to manage what I suggest, why should that question interest you?"

"My dear woman"—and her visitor dropped into a chair—"do you suppose my interest depends on such poverties as what *I* can manage? You know well enough," he went on in another tone, "why I care for Nanda and inquire about her."

She was perfectly ready. "I know it, but only as a bad reason. Don't be too sure!"

For a moment they looked at each other. "Don't be so sure, you mean, that the elation of it may go to my head? Are you really warning me against vanity?"

"Your 'reallys,' my dear Van, are a little formidable, but it strikes me that, before I tell you, there's something I've a right to ask. Are you 'really' what they call thinking of my daughter?"

"Your asking," Vanderbank returned, "exactly shows the state of your knowledge of the matter. I don't quite see, moreover, why you speak as if I were paying an abrupt and unnatural attention. What have I done the last three months but talk to you about her? What have you done but talk to *me* about her? From the moment you first spoke to me—'monstrously,' I remember you called it—of the difference made in your social life by her finally established, her perpetual, her inexorable participation: from that moment what have we both done but put our heads together over the question of keeping the place tidy, as you called it—or as *I* called it, was it?—for the young female mind?"

Mrs. Brook faced serenely enough the directness of this challenge. "Well, what are you coming to? I spoke of the change in my life, of course; I happen to be so constituted that my life has something to do with my mind and my mind something to do with my talk. Good talk: you know—no one, dear Van, should know better—what part, for me, that plays. Therefore when one has deliberately to make one's talk bad—"

"'Bad'?" Vanderbank, in his amusement, fell back in his chair. "Dear Mrs. Brook, you're too delightful!"

"You know what I mean—stupid, flat, fourth-rate. When one has to take in sail to that degree—and for a perfectly outside reason—there's nothing strange in one's taking a friend sometimes into the confidence of one's irritation."

"Ah," Vanderbank protested, "you do yourself injustice. Irritation hasn't been, for you, the only consequence of the affair."

Mrs. Brook gloomily thought. "No, no—I've had my calmness: the calmness of deep despair. I've seemed to see everything go."

"Oh, how can you say that," her visitor demanded, "when just what we've most been agreed upon so often is the practical impossibility of making any change? Hasn't it seemed as if we really can't overcome conversational habits so thoroughly formed?"

Again Mrs. Brook reflected. "As if our way of looking at things were too serious to be trifled with? I don't know—I think it's only you who have denied our sacrifices, our compromises and concessions. I myself have constantly felt smothered in them. But there it is," she impatiently went on. "What I don't admit is that you've given me ground to take for a proof of your 'intentions'—to use the odious term—your association with me on behalf of the preposterous fiction, as it after all is, of Nanda's blankness of mind."

Vanderbank's head, in his chair, was thrown back; his eyes ranged over the top of the room. "There never has been any mystery about my thinking her—all in her own way—the nicest girl in London. She *is*."

His companion was silent a little. "She is, by all means. Well," she then added, "so far as I may have been alive to the fact of any one's thinking her so, it's not out of place I should mention to you the difference made in my appreciation of it by our delightful little stay at Mertle. My views for Nanda," said Mrs. Brook, "have somehow gone up."

Vanderbank was prompt to show how he could understand it. "So that you wouldn't consider even Mitchy now?"

But his friend took no notice of the question. "The way Mr. Longdon distinguishes her is quite the sort of thing that gives a girl, as Harold says, a 'leg up.' It's awfully curious and has made me think: he isn't anything whatever, as London estimates go, in himself—so that what is it, pray, that makes him, when added on to her, so double Nanda's value? I somehow or other see, through his being known to back her, and through the pretty story of his loyalty to mamma and all the rest of it (oh, if one chose to *work* that!) ever so much more of a chance for her."

Vanderbank's eyes were on the ceiling. "It *is* curious, isn't it?—though I think he's rather more 'in himself,' even for the London estimate, than you quite understand." He appeared to give her time to take this up, but as she said nothing he pursued: "I dare say that if even I now *were* to enter myself it would strike you as too late."

Her attention to this was but indirect. "It's awfully vulgar to be talking about it, but I can't help feeling that something possibly rather big will come of Mr. Longdon."

"Ah, we've talked of that before," said Vanderbank, "and you know you did think something might come even for me."

She continued, however, as if she scarce heard him, to work out her own vision. "It's very true that up to now—"

"Well, up to now?" he asked as she faltered.

She faltered still a little. "I do say the most hideous things. But we *have* said worse, haven't we? Up to now, I mean, he hasn't given her anything. Unless indeed," she mused, "she may have had something without telling me."

Vanderbank went much straighter. "What sort of thing have you in mind? Are you thinking of money?"

"Yes. Isn't it awful?"

"That you should think of it?"

"That I should talk this way." Her friend was apparently not prepared with an assent, and she quickly enough pursued: "If he *had* given her any it would come out somehow in her expenditure. She has tremendous liberty and is very secretive, but still it would come out."

"He wouldn't give her any without letting you know. Nor would she, without doing so," Vanderbank added, "take it."

"Ah," Mrs. Brook quietly said, "she hates me enough for anything."

"That's only your romantic theory."

Once more she appeared not to hear him; she came up suddenly in another place. "Has he given *you* anything?"

Her visitor smiled. "Not so much as a cigarette. I've always my pockets full of them, and *he* never; so he only takes mine. Oh, Mrs. Brook," he continued, "with me too—though I've also tremendous liberty!—it would come out."

"I think you'd let me know," she returned.

"Yes, I'd let you know."

Silence, upon this, fell between them a little; which Mrs. Brook was the first to break. "She has gone with him this afternoon—by solemn appointment—to the South Kensington Museum."

There was something in Mrs. Brook's dolorous drop that yet presented the news as a portent so great that he was moved again to mirth. "Ah, that's where she is? Then I confess she has scored. He has never taken *me* to the South Kensington Museum."

"You were asking what we're going to do," she went on. "What I meant was—about Baireuth—that the question for Nanda is simplified. He has pressed her so to pay him a visit."

Vanderbank's assent was marked. "I see: so that if you do go abroad she'll be provided for by that engagement."

"And by lots of other invitations."

These were such things as, for the most part, the young man could turn over. "Do you mean you'd let her go alone—?"

"To wherever she's asked?" said Mrs. Brook. "Why not? Don't talk like the Duchess."

Vanderbank seemed for a moment to try not to. "Couldn't Mr. Longdon take her? Why not?"

His friend looked really struck with it. "That *would* be working him. But to a beautiful end!" she meditated. "The only thing would be to get him also asked."

"Ah, but there you are, don't you see? Fancy 'getting' Mr. Longdon anything or anywhere whatever! Don't you feel," Vanderbank threw out, "how the impossibility of exerting that sort of patronage for him immediately places him?"

Mrs. Brook gave her companion one of those fitful glances of almost grateful appreciation with which their intercourse was even at its darkest hours frequently illumined. "As if he were the Primate or the French Ambassador? Yes, you're right—one couldn't do it; though it's very odd and one doesn't quite see why. It does place him. But he becomes thereby, exactly, the very sort of person with whom it would be most of an advantage for her to go about. What a pity," Mrs. Brook sighed, "he doesn't know more people!"

"Ah well, we *are*, in our way, bringing that to pass. Only we mustn't rush it. Leave it to Nanda herself," Vanderbank presently added; on which his companion so manifestly left it that she touched, after a moment's silence, on quite a different matter.

"I dare say he'd tell *you*—wouldn't he?—if he were to give her any considerable sum."

She had only obeyed his injunction, but he stared at the length of her jump. "He might attempt to do so, but I shouldn't at all like it." He was moved immediately to drop this branch of the subject and, apparently to help himself, take up another. "Do you mean she understands he has asked her down for a regular long stay?"

Mrs. Brook barely hesitated. "She understands, I think, that what I expect of her is to make it as long as possible."

Vanderbank laughed out—as it was even after ten years still possible to laugh—at the childlike innocence with which her voice could invest the hardest teachings of life, then with something a trifle nervous in the whole sound and manner he sprang up from his chair. "What a blessing he is to us all!"

"Yes, but think what we must be to *him*."

"An immense interest, no doubt." He took a few aimless steps and, stooping over a basket of flowers, inhaled it with violence, almost buried his face. "I dare say we *are* interesting."

He had spoken rather vaguely, but Mrs. Brook knew exactly why. "We render him no end of a service. We keep him in touch with old memories."

Vanderbank had reached one of the windows, shaded, from without, by a great striped sun-blind, beneath which and between the flower-pots of the balcony he could see a stretch of hot, relaxed street. He looked a minute at these things. "I do so like your phrases!"

She had a pause that challenged his tone. "Do you call mamma a 'phrase'?"

He went off again, quite with extravagance, but quickly, leaving the window, pulled himself up. "I dare say we *must* put things for him—he does it, cares or is able to do it, so little himself."

"Precisely. He just quietly acts. That's his nature, dear thing. We must *let* him act."

Vanderbank seemed to stifle again too vivid a sense of her particular emphasis. "Yes, yes—we must let him."

"Though it won't prevent Nanda, I imagine," his hostess pursued, "from finding the fun of a whole month at Beccles—or whatever she puts in—not exactly fast and furious."

Vanderbank had the look of measuring what the girl might "put in." "The place will be quiet, of course, but when a person's so fond of a person—!"

"As she is of him, you mean?"

He hesitated. "Yes. Then it's all right."

"She *is* fond of him, thank God!" said Mrs. Brook.

He was before her now with the air of a man who had suddenly determined on a great blind leap. "Do you know what he has done? He wants me so to marry her that he has proposed a definite basis."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

Mrs. Brook got straight up. "'Proposed'? To *her?*"

"No, I don't think he has said a word to Nanda—in fact I'm sure that, very properly, he doesn't mean to. But he spoke to me on Sunday night at Mertle—I had a big talk with him there alone, very late, in the smoking-room." Mrs. Brook's stare was serious, and Vanderbank now went on as if the sound of his voice helped him to meet it. "We had things out very much and his kindness was extraordinary—he's the most beautiful old boy that ever lived. I don't know, now that I come to think of it, if I'm within my rights in telling you—and of course I shall immediately let him know that I *have* told you; but I feel I can't arrive at any respectable sort of attitude in the matter without taking you into my confidence—which is really what I came here to-day to do, though till this moment I've funked it."

It was either, as her friend chose to think it, an advantage or a drawback of intercourse with Mrs. Brook that her face being at any moment charged with the woe of the world, it was unavoidable to remain rather in the dark as to the effect of particular strokes. There was therefore something in Vanderbank's present study of the signs that showed he had had to learn to feel his way and had more or less mastered the trick. That she had turned a little pale was really the one fresh mark. "'Funked' it? Why in the world—?" His own color deepened at her accent, which was a sufficient light on his having been stupid. "Do you mean you've declined the arrangement?"

He only, with a smile somewhat strained, continued for a moment to look at her; clearly, however, at last feeling, and not much caring, that he got in still deeper. "You're magnificent. You're magnificent."

Her lovely gaze widened out. "*Comment donc?* Where—why? You *have* declined her?" she went on. After which, as he replied only with a slow head-shake that seemed to say it was not, for the moment, all so simple as that, she had one of the inspirations to which she was constitutionally subject. "Do you imagine I want you for myself?"

"Dear Mrs. Brook, you're so admirable," he answered, laughing, "that if by any chance you did, upon my honor I don't see how I should be able not to say 'All right.'" Then he spoke more gravely. "I was shy of really bringing out to you what has happened to me, for a reason that I have of course to look in the face. Whatever you want for yourself, for Nanda you want Mitchy."

"I see, I see." She did full justice to his explanation. "And what did you say about a 'basis'? The blessed man offers to settle—?"

"You're a wonderful woman," her visitor returned, "and your imagination takes its fences in a way that, when I'm out with you, quite puts mine to shame. When he mentioned it to me I was quite surprised."

"And I," Mrs. Brook asked, "am not surprised a bit? Isn't it only," she modestly suggested, "because I've taken him in more than you? Didn't you know he *would?*" she quavered.

Vanderbank thought, or at least pretended to. "Make *me* the condition? How could I be sure of it?"

But the point of his question was lost for her in the growing light. "Oh then, the condition's you only—?"

"That, at any rate, is all I have to do with. He's ready to settle if I'm ready to do the rest."

"To propose to her straight, you mean?" She waited, but as he said nothing she went on: "And you're not ready. Is that it?"

"I'm taking my time."

"Of course you know," said Mrs. Brook, "that she'd jump at you."

He turned away from her now, but after some steps came back. "Then you do admit it."

She hesitated. "To *you*."

He had a strange faint smile. "Well, as I don't speak of it—!"

"No—only to me. What is it he settles?" Mrs. Brook demanded.

"I can't tell you."

"You didn't ask?"

"On the contrary—I stopped him off."

"Oh then," Mrs. Brook exclaimed, "that's what I call declining!"

The words appeared for an instant to strike her companion. "Is it? Is it?" he almost musingly repeated. But he shook himself the next moment free of his wonder, was more what would have been called in Buckingham Crescent on the spot. "Isn't there rather something in my having thus thought it my duty to warn you that I'm definitely his candidate?"

Mrs. Brook turned impatiently away. "You've certainly—with your talk about 'warning'—the happiest expressions!" She put her face into the flowers as he had done just before; then as she raised it: "What kind of a monster are you trying to make me out?"

"My dear lady"—Vanderbank was prompt—"I really don't think I say anything but what's fair. Isn't it just my loyalty to you, in fact, that in this case has positively strained my discretion?"

She shook her head in mere mild despair. "'Loyalty' again is exquisite. The tact of men has a charm quite its own. And you're rather good," she continued, "as men go."

His laugh was now a little awkward, as if she had already succeeded in making him uncomfortable. "I always become aware with you sooner or later that they don't go at all—in your sense; but how am I, after all, so far out if you *have* put your money on another man?"

"You keep coming back to that?" she wearily sighed.

He thought a little. "No then. You've only to tell me not to, and I'll never speak of it again."

"You'll be in an odd position for speaking of it if you do really go in. You deny that you've declined," said Mrs. Brook; "which means then that you've allowed our friend to hope."

Vanderbank met it bravely. "Yes, I think he hopes."

"And imparts his hope to my child?"

This arrested the young man, but only for a moment. "I've the most perfect faith in his wisdom with her. I trust the delicacy of his tenderness. He cares more for her," he presently added, "even than we do."

Mrs. Brook gazed away at the infinite of space. "'We,' my dear Van," she at last returned, "is one of your own real, wonderful touches. But there's something in what you say: I *have*, as between ourselves—between me and him—been backing Mitchy. That is I've been saying to him 'Wait, wait: don't, at any rate, do anything else.' Only it's just from the depth of my thought for my daughter's happiness that I've clung to this resource. He would so absolutely, so unreservedly, do anything for her." She had reached now, with her extraordinary self-control, the pitch of quiet, bland demonstration. "I want the poor thing, *que diable*, to have another string to her bow and another loaf, for her desolate old age, on the shelf. When everything else is gone Mitchy will still be there. Then it will be at least her own fault—!" Mrs. Brook continued. "What can relieve me of the primary duty of taking precautions," she wound up, "when I know as well as that I stand here and look at you—"

"Yes, what?" he asked as she just paused.

"Why, that so far as they count on you, they count, my dear Van, on a blank." Holding him a minute as with the soft, low voice of his fate, she sadly but firmly shook her head. "You won't do it."

"Oh!" he almost too loudly protested.

"You won't do it," she went on.

"I *say!*"—he made a joke of it.

"You won't do it," she repeated.

It was as if he could not at last but show himself really struck; yet what he exclaimed on was what might in truth most have impressed him. "You *are* magnificent, really!"

"Mr. Mitchett!" the butler, appearing at the door, almost familiarly dropped; on which Vanderbank turned straight to the person announced.

Mr. Mitchett was there, and, anticipating Mrs. Brook in receiving him, her companion passed it straight on. "She's magnificent!"

Mitchy was already all interest. "Rather! But what's her last?"

It had been, though so great, so subtle, as they said in Buckingham Crescent, that Vanderbank scarce knew how to put it. "Well, she's so thoroughly superior."

"Oh, *à qui le dites-vous?*" Mitchy cried as he greeted her.

XXII.

The subject of this eulogy had meanwhile returned to her sofa, where she received the homage of her new visitor. "It's not I who am magnificent, a bit—it's dear Mr. Longdon. I've just had from Van the most wonderful piece of news about him—his announcement of his wish to make it worth somebody's while to marry my child."

"'Make it'?"—Mitchy stared. "But *isn't* it?"

"My dear friend, you must ask Van. Of course you've always thought so. But I must tell you, all the same," Mrs. Brook went on, "that I'm delighted."

Mitchy had seated himself, but Vanderbank remained erect and became perhaps even slightly stiff. He was not angry—none of the inner circle at Buckingham Crescent was ever angry—but he looked grave and rather troubled. "Even if it *is* decidedly fine"—he addressed his hostess straight—"I can't make out, however, quite why you're doing *this*. I mean immediately making it known."

"Ah, but what do we keep from Mitchy?" Mrs. Brook asked.

"What *can* you keep? It comes to the same thing," Mitchy said. "Besides, here we are together, share and share alike—one beautiful intelligence. Mr. Longdon's 'somebody' is of course Van. Don't try to treat me as an outsider."

Vanderbank looked a little foolishly, though it was but the shade of a shade, from one of them to the other. "I think I've been rather an ass!"

"What then, by the terms of our friendship—just as Mitchy says—can he and I have a better right to know and to feel with you about? You will want, Mitchy, won't you?" Mrs. Brook went on, "to hear all about *that*."

"Oh, I only mean," Vanderbank explained, "in having just now blurted my tale out to you. However, I of course do know," he pursued to Mitchy, "that whatever is really between us will remain between us. Let me then tell you myself exactly what's the matter." The length of his pause, after these words, showed at last that he had stopped short; on which his companions, as they waited, exchanged a sympathetic look. They waited another minute, and then he dropped into a chair, where, leaning forward, his elbows on the arms and his gaze attached to the carpet, he drew out the silence. Finally he looked at Mrs. Brook. "*You* make it clear."

The appeal called up for some reason her most infantine manner. "I don't think I *can*, dear Van—really *clear*. You know, however, yourself," she continued to Mitchy, "enough, by this time, about Mr. Longdon and mamma."

"Oh, rather!" Mitchy laughed.

"And about mamma and Nanda."

"Oh, perfectly: the way Nanda reminds him, and the 'beautiful loyalty' that has made him take such a fancy to her. But I've already embraced the facts—you needn't dot any i's." With another glance at his fellow-visitor Mitchy jumped up and stood there florid. "He has offered you money to marry her." He said this to Vanderbank as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Oh *no*," Mrs. Brook interposed with promptitude: "he has simply let him know before any one else that the money is there *for* Nanda, and that therefore—"

"First come, first served?"—Mitchy had already taken her up. "I see, I see. Then, to make her sure of the money," he inquired of Vanderbank, "you *must* marry her?"

"If it depends upon that, she'll never get it," Mrs. Brook returned. "Dear Van will think, conscientiously, a lot about it, but he won't do it."

"Won't you, Van, really?" Mitchy asked from the hearth-rug.

"Never, never. We shall be very kind to him, we shall help him, hope and pray for him, but we shall be at the end," said Mrs. Brook, "just where we are now. Dear Van will have done his best, and we shall have done ours. Mr. Longdon will have done his—poor Nanda, even, will have done hers. But it will all have been in vain. However," Mrs. Brook continued to expound, "she'll probably have the money. Mr. Longdon will surely consider that she'll want it if she doesn't marry still more than if she does. So we shall be *so* much at least," she wound up—"I mean Edward and I and the child will be—to the good."

Mitchy, for an equal certainty, required but an instant's thought. "Oh, there can be no doubt about *that*. The things about which your mind may now be at ease—!" he cheerfully exclaimed.

"It does make a great difference!" Mrs. Brook comfortably sighed. Then in a different tone: "What dear Van will find at the end that he can't face will be, don't you see? just this fact of appearing to have accepted a bribe. He won't want, on the one hand—out of kindness for Nanda—to have the money suppressed; and yet he won't want to have the pecuniary question mixed up with the matter—to look, in short, as if he had had to be paid. He's like you, you know—he's proud; and it will be there we shall break down."

Mitchy had been watching his friend, who, a few minutes before perceptibly embarrassed, had now recovered himself and, at his ease, though still perhaps with a smile a trifle strained, leaned back and let his eyes play everywhere but over the faces of the others. Vanderbank evidently wished now to show a good-humored detachment.

"See here," Mitchy said to him: "I remember your once submitting to me a case of some delicacy."

"Oh, he'll submit it to you—he'll submit it even to *me*," Mrs. Brook broke in. "He'll be charming, touching, confiding—above all he'll be awfully *interesting* about it. But he'll make up his mind in his own way, and his own way won't be to accommodate Mr. Longdon."

Mitchy continued to study their companion in the light of these remarks, then turned upon his hostess his sociable glare. "Splendid, isn't it, the old boy's infatuation with him?"

Mrs. Brook just hesitated. "From the point of view of the immense interest it—just now, for instance—makes for you and me? Oh yes, it's one of our best things yet. It places him a little with Lady Fanny—'He will, he won't; he won't, he will!' Only, to be perfect, it lacks, as I say, the element of real suspense."

Mitchy frankly wondered. "It does, you think? Not for me—not wholly." He turned again, quite pleadingly, to their friend. "I hope it doesn't for yourself totally either?"

Vanderbank, cultivating his detachment, made at first no more reply than if he had not heard, and the others meanwhile showed faces that testified perhaps less than their respective speeches had done to the absence of anxiety. The only token he immediately gave was to get up and approach Mitchy, before whom he stood a minute, laughing kindly enough, but not altogether gayly. As if then for a better proof of gayety he presently seized him by the shoulders and, still without speaking, pushed him backward into the chair he himself had just quitted. Mrs. Brook's eyes, from the sofa, while this went on, attached themselves to her visitors. It took Vanderbank, as he moved about and his companions waited, a minute longer to produce what he had in mind. "What *is* splendid, as we call it, is this extraordinary freedom and good-humor of our intercourse and the fact that we do care—so independently of our personal interests, with so little selfishness or other vulgarity—to get at the idea of things. The beautiful specimen Mrs. Brook had just given me of that," he continued to Mitchy, "was what made me break out to you about her when you came in." He spoke to one friend, but he looked at the other. "What's really 'superior' in her is that, though I suddenly show her an interference with a favorite plan, her personal resentment is nothing—all she wants is to see what may really happen, to take in the truth of the case and make the best of that. She offers me the truth, as she sees it, about myself, and with no nasty elation if it does chance to be the truth that suits her best. It was a charming, charming stroke."

Mitchy's appreciation was no bar to his amusement. "You're wonderfully right about us. But still it was a stroke!"

If Mrs. Brook was less diverted she followed perhaps more closely. "If you do me so much justice then, why did you put to me such a cold, cruel question?—I mean when you so oddly challenged me on my handing on your news to Mitchy. If the principal beauty of our effort to live together is—and quite according to your own eloquence—in our sincerity, I simply obeyed the impulse to do the sincere thing. If we're not sincere, we're nothing."

"Nothing!"—it was Mitchy who first responded. "But we *are* sincere."

"Yes, we *are* sincere," Vanderbank presently said. "It's a great chance for us not to fall below ourselves; no doubt, therefore, we shall continue to *planer*. We pay for it, people who don't like us say, in our self-consciousness—"

"But people who don't like us," Mitchy broke in, "don't matter. Besides, how can we be properly conscious of each other—?"

"That's it!"—Vanderbank completed his idea: "without my finding myself, for instance, in you and Mrs. Brook? We see ourselves reflected—we're conscious of the charming whole. I thank you," he pursued after an instant to Mrs. Brook—"I thank you for your sincerity."

It was an affair sometimes really to hold her eyes, but they had, it must be said for her, their steady moments. She exchanged with Vanderbank a somewhat remarkable look, then, with an art of her own, broke short off without appearing to drop him. "The thing is, don't you think?"—she appealed to Mitchy—"for us not to be so awfully clever as to make it believed that we can never be simple. We mustn't see *too* tremendous things—even in each other." She quite lost patience with the danger she glanced at. "We *can* be simple!"

"We *can*, by God!" Mitchy laughed.

"Well, we are now—and it's a great comfort to have it settled," said Vanderbank.

"Then you see," Mrs. Brook returned, "what a mistake you would make to see abysses of subtlety in my having been merely natural."

"We *can* be natural," Mitchy declared.

"We can, by God!" Vanderbank laughed.

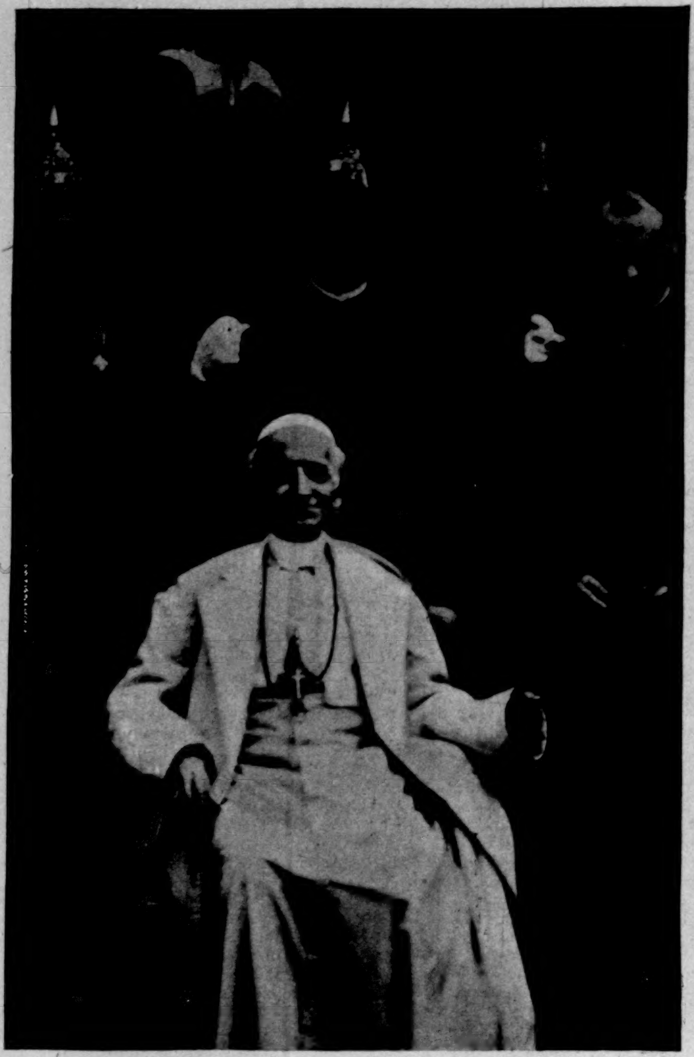
Mrs. Brook had turned to Mitchy. "I just wanted you to know. So I spoke. It's not more complicated than that. As for *why* I wanted you to know—"

"What better reason could there be," Mitchy interrupted, "than your being filled to the finger-tips with the sense of how I would want it myself, and of the misery, the absolute pathos, of my being left out? Fancy, my dear chap"—he had only to put it to Van—"my *not* knowing!"

Vanderbank evidently couldn't fancy it, but he said quietly enough: "I should probably have told you myself."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Oh, there *is* a difference," Mrs. Brook loyally said. Then she opened an inch or two, for Vanderbank, the



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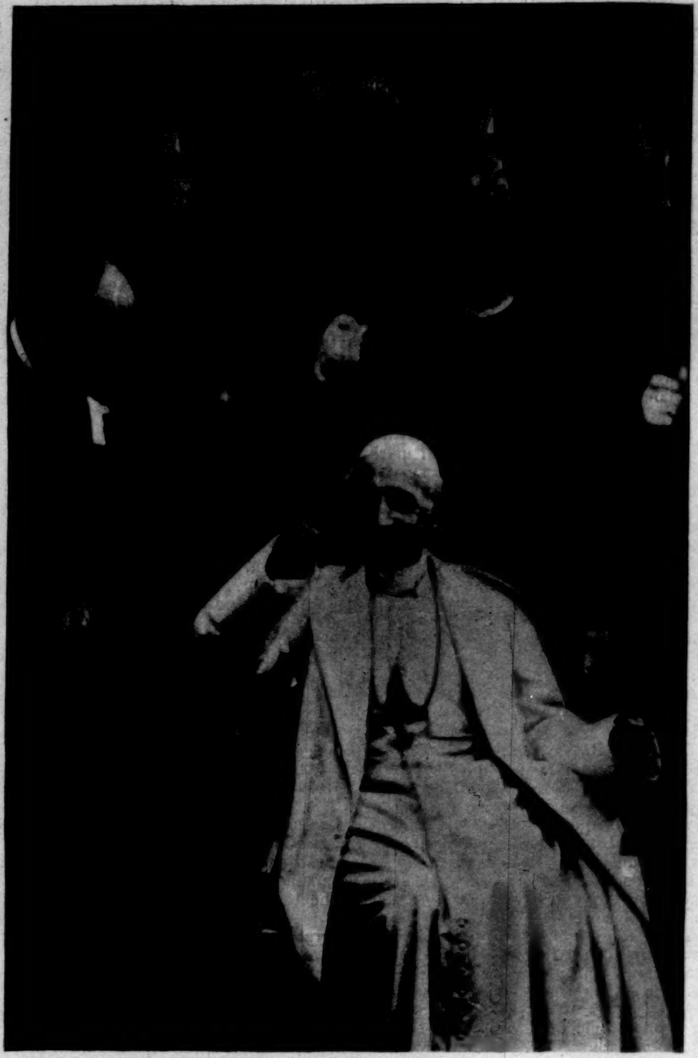

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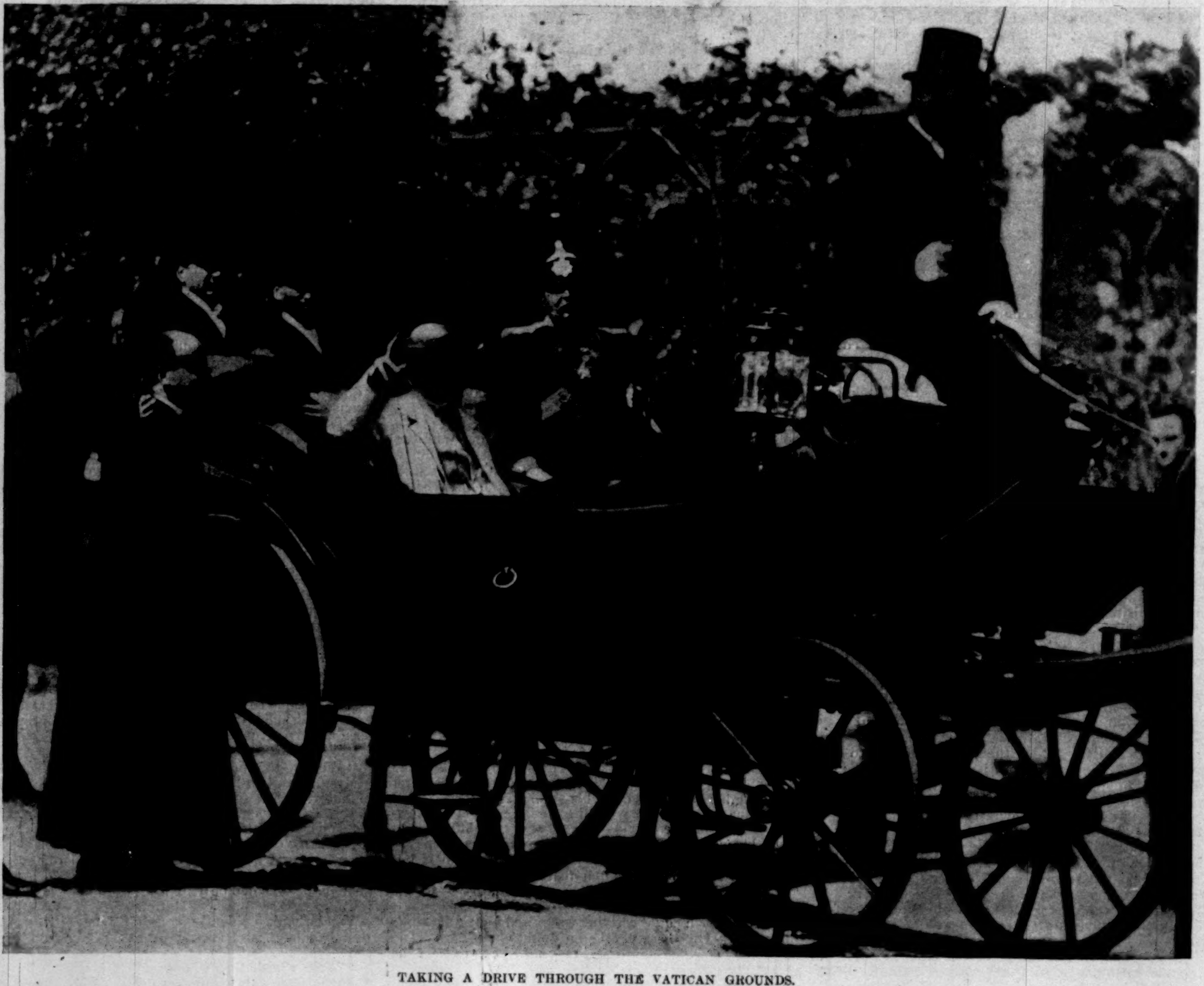

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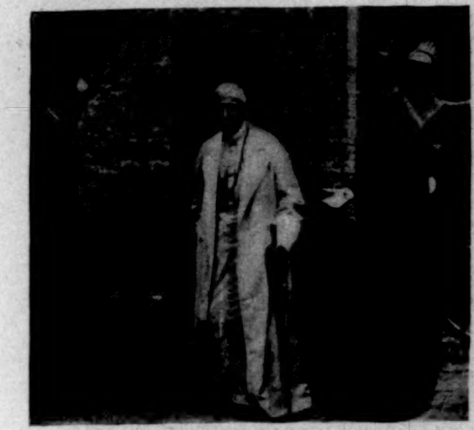

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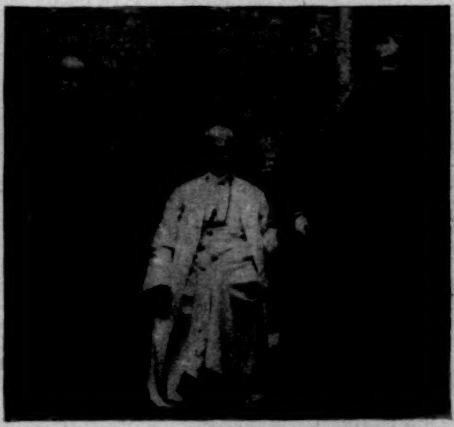

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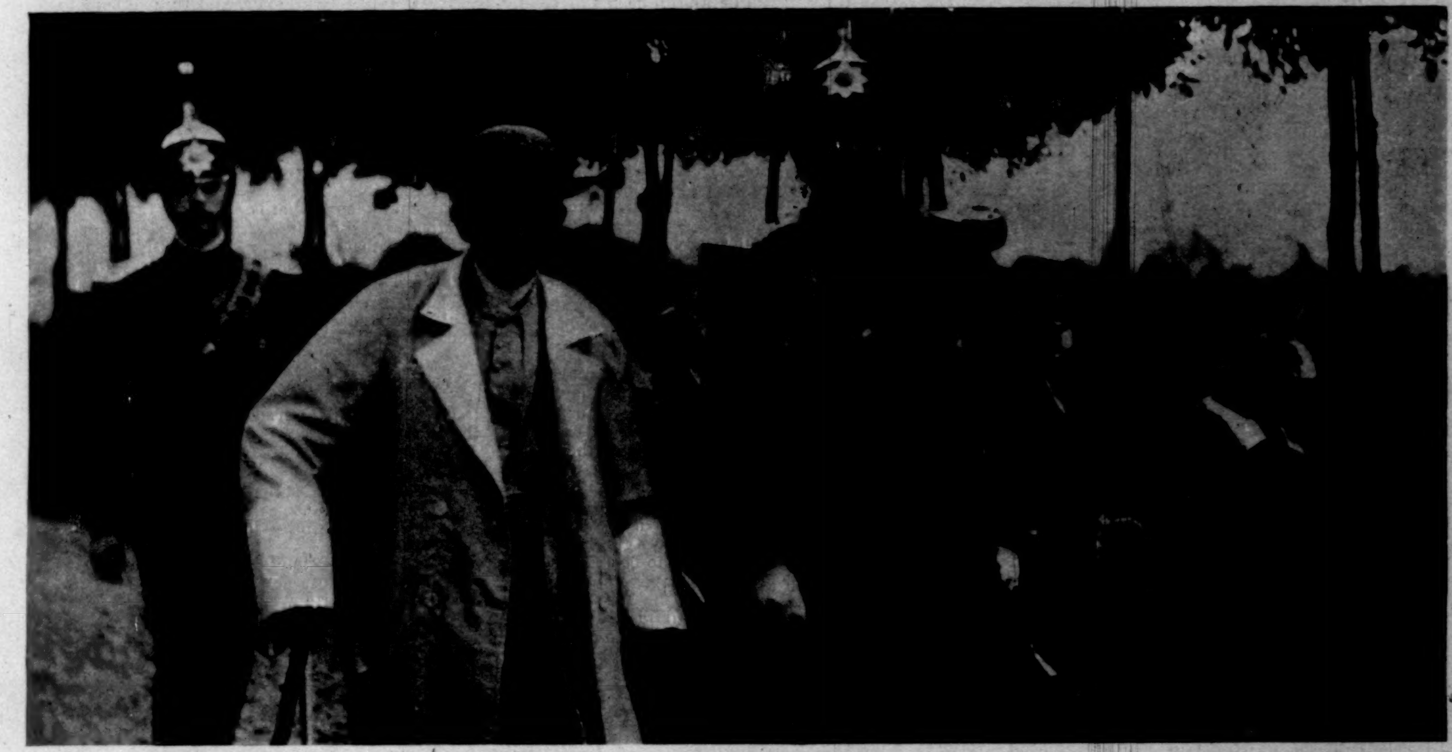

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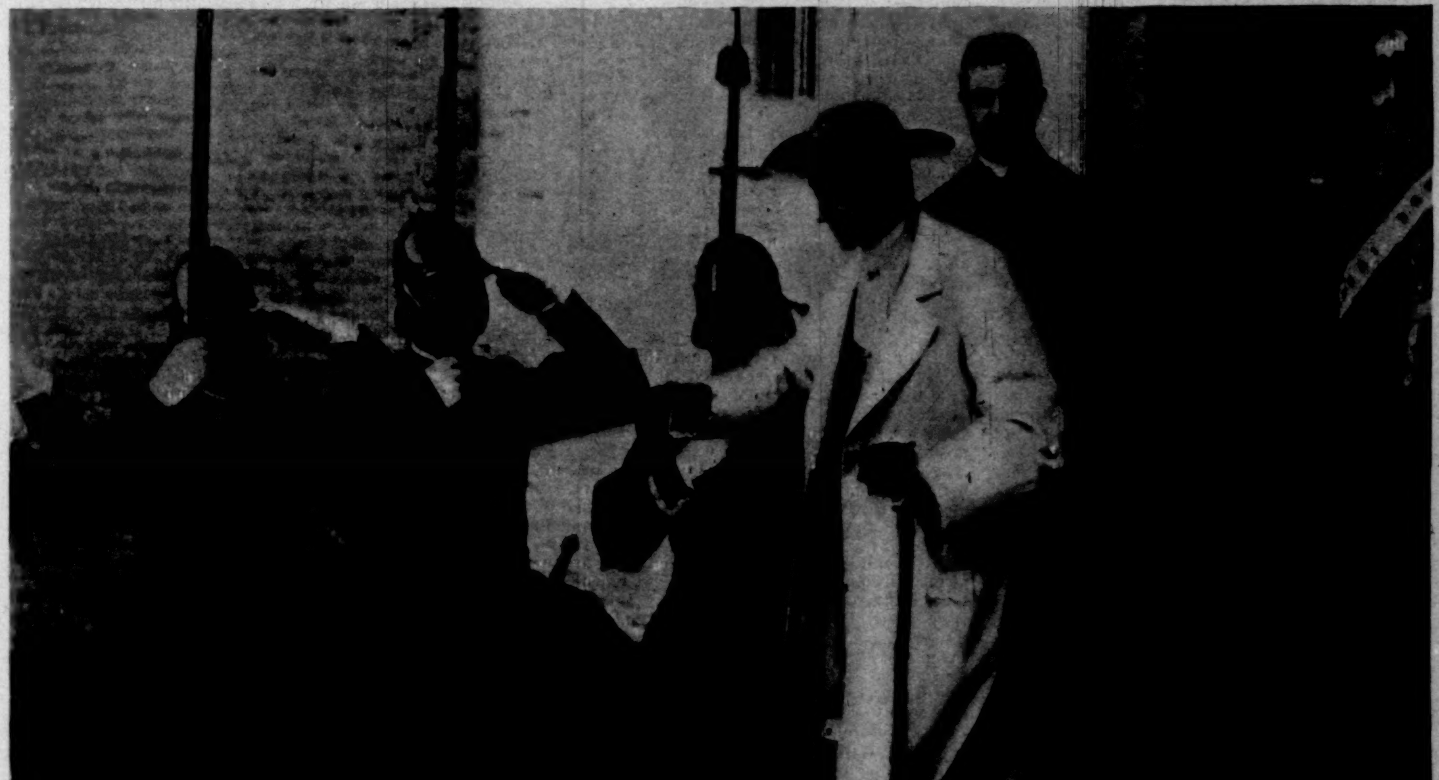

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door of her dim radiance. "Only I should have thought it a difference for the better. Of course," she added, "it remains absolutely with us three alone, and don't you already feel from it the fresh charm—with it here between us—of our being together?"

It was as if each of the men had waited for the other to assent better than he himself could, and Mitchy then, as Vanderbank failed, had gracefully, to cover him, changed the subject. "But isn't Nanda, the person most interested, to know?"

Vanderbank gave, on this, a strange sound of hilarity. "*Il ne manquerait plus que cela!*"

It produced, for a few seconds, something like a chill, a chill that had for consequence a momentary pause, which in its turn added weight to the words next uttered. "It's not I who shall tell her," Mrs. Brook said gently and gravely. "There!—you may be sure. If you want a promise, it's a promise. So that if Mr. Longdon's silent," she went on, "and you are, Mitchy, and I am, how in the world shall she have a suspicion?"

"You mean of course except by Van's deciding to mention it himself."

Van might have been, from the way they looked at him, some beautiful unconscious object, but Mrs. Brook was quite ready to answer. "Oh, poor man, *he'll* never breathe."

"I see. So there we are."

To this discussion the subject of it had for the time nothing to contribute, even when Mitchy, rising with the words he had last uttered from the chair in which he had been placed, took, sociably, as well, on the hearth-rug, a position before their hostess. This move ministered, apparently, only to Vanderbank's silence, for it was still without speaking that, after a little, he turned away from his friend and dropped once more into the same seat. "I've shown you already, you of course remember," Vanderbank presently said to him, "that I'm perfectly aware of how much better Mrs. Brook would like *you* for the position."

"He thinks I want *him* myself," Mrs. Brook blandly explained.

She was indeed, as they always thought her, "wonderful," but she was perhaps not even now so much so as Mitchy found himself able to be. "But how would you lose old Van—even at the worst?" he earnestly asked of her.

She just hesitated. "What do you mean by the worst?"

"Then even at the best," Mitchy smiled. "In the event of his falsifying your prediction; which, by-the-way, has the danger, hasn't it?—I mean for your intellectual credit—of making him, as we all used to be called by our nurse-maids, 'contrary.'"

"Oh, I've thought of that," Mrs. Brook returned. "But he won't do, on the whole, even for the sweetness of spiting me, what he won't want to do. *I* haven't said I should lose him," she went on; "that's only the view he himself takes—or, to do him perfect justice, the idea he candidly imputes to me; though without, I imagine—for I don't go so far as that—attributing to me anything so unutterably *bête* as a feeling of jealousy."

"You wouldn't dream of my supposing anything inept of you," Vanderbank said on this, "if you understood to the full how I kept on admiring you. Only what stupefies me a little," he continued, "is the extraordinary critical freedom—or we may call it if we like the high intellectual detachment—with which we discuss a question touching you, dear Mrs. Brook, so nearly and engaging so your most private and most sacred sentiments. What are we playing with, after all, but the idea of Nanda's happiness?"

"Oh, I'm not playing!" Mrs. Brook declared with a little rattle of emotion

"She's not playing"—Mr. Mitchett gravely confirmed it. "Don't you feel in the very air the vibration of the passion that she's simply too charming to shake at the window as the house-maid shakes the table-cloth or the jingo the flag?" Then he took up what Vanderbank had previously said. "Of course, my dear man, I'm 'aware,' as you just now put it, of everything, and I'm not indiscreet, am I, Mrs. Brook? in admitting for you, as well as for myself, that there *was* an impossibility that you and I used sometimes to turn over together. Only—Lord bless us all!—it isn't as if I hadn't long ago seen that there's nothing at all *for* me."

"Ah, wait, wait!" Mrs. Brook put in.

"She has a theory"—Vanderbank, from his chair, lighted it up for Mitchy, who hovered before them—"that your chance *will* come, later on, after I've given my measure."

"Oh, but that's exactly," Mitchy was quick to respond, "what you'll never do! You'll walk in magnificent mystery 'later on' not a bit less than you do to-day; you'll continue to have the benefit of everything that our imagination, perpetually engaged, often baffled and never fatigued, will continue to bedeck you with. Nanda, in the same way, to the end of all her time, will simply remain exquisite, or genuine, or generous—whatever we choose to call it. It may make a difference to us, who are comparatively vulgar, but what difference will it make to *her* whether you do or you don't decide for her? You can't belong to her more, for herself, than you do already—and that's precisely so much that there's no room for any one else. Where, therefore, without that room, do I come in?"

"Nowhere, I see"—Vanderbank seemed obligingly to muse.

Mrs. Brook had followed Mitchy with marked admiration, but she gave, on this, at Van, a glance that was like the toss of a blossom from the same branch. "Oh then, shall I just go on with you *both?* That *will* be joy!" She had, however, the next thing, a sudden drop, which shaded the picture. "You're so divine, Mitchy, that how can you not, in the long-run, break *any* woman down?"

It was not as if Mitchy was struck—it was only that he was courteous. "What do you call the long-run. Taking about till I'm eighty?"

"Ah, your genius is of a kind to which middle life will be particularly favorable. You'll reap then, somehow, one feels, everything you've sown."

Mitchy still accepted the prophecy only to control it. "Do you call eighty middle life? Why, my moral beauty, my dear woman—if that's what you mean by my genius—is precisely my curse. What on earth is left for a man just rotten with goodness! It renders necessary the kind of liking that renders *un*necessary anything else."

"Now that *is* cheap paradox!" Vanderbank patiently sighed. "You're down for a fine."

It was with less of the patience perhaps that Mrs. Brook took this up. "Yes, on that we *are* stiff. Five pounds, please."

Mitchy drew out his pocket-book even though he explained. "What I mean is that I don't give out the great thing." With which he produced a crisp bank-note.

"*Don't* you?" asked Vanderbank, who, having taken it from him to hand to Mrs. Brook, held it a moment, delicately, to accentuate the doubt.

"The great thing's the sacred terror. It's you who give *that* out."

"Oh!"—and Vanderbank laid the money on the small stand at Mrs. Brook's elbow.

"Ain't I right, Mrs. Brook?—doesn't he, tremendously, and isn't that, more than anything else, what does it?"

The two again, as if they understood each other, gazed in a unity of interest at their companion, who sustained it with an air clearly intended as the happy mean between embarrassment and triumph. Then Mrs. Brook showed she liked the phrase. "The sacred terror! Yes, one feels it. It *is* that."

"The finest case of it," Mitchy pursued, "that I've ever met. So my moral's sufficiently pointed."

"Oh, I don't think it can be said to be that," Vanderbank returned, "till you've put the whole thing into a box by doing for Nanda what she does most want you to do."

Mitchy caught on without a shade of wonder. "Oh, by proposing to the Duchess for little Aggie?" He took but an instant to turn it over. "Well, I *would* propose, to please Nanda. Only I've never yet quite made out the reason of her wish."

"The reason is largely," his friend answered, "that, being very fond of Aggie, and in fact extremely admiring her, she wants to do something good for her and to keep her from anything bad. Don't you know—it's too charming—she regularly believes in her?"

Mitchy, with all his recognition, vibrated to the touch. "Isn't it too charming?"

"Well then," Vanderbank went on, "she secures for her friend a phœnix like you, and secures for you a phœnix like her friend. It's hard to say for which of you she desires most to do the handsome thing. She loves you both, in short"—he followed it up—"though perhaps, when one thinks of it, the price she puts on you, Mitchy, in the arrangement, is a little the higher. Awfully fine, at any rate—and yet awfully odd too—her feeling for Aggie's type, which is divided by such abysses from her own."

"Ah," laughed Mitchy, "but think then of her feeling for mine!"

Vanderbank still more at his ease now and with his head back, had his eyes aloft and afar. "Oh, there are things in Nanda—!" The others exchanged a glance at this, while their companion added: "Little Aggie's really the sort of creature she would have liked to be able to be."

"Well," Mitchy said, "I should have adored her even if she *had* been able."

Mrs Brook, for some minutes, had played no audible part, but the acute observer we are constantly taking for granted would perhaps have detected in her, as one of the effects of the special complexion, to-day, of Vanderbank's presence, a certain smothered irritation. "She couldn't possibly have been able," she now interposed, "with so loose—or rather, to express it more properly, with so perverse—a mother."

"And yet, my dear lady," Mitchy promptly reflected, "how, if, in little Aggie's case, the Duchess hasn't prevented—?"

Mrs. Brook was full of wisdom. "Well, it's a different thing. I'm not, as a mother—am I, Van?—bad *enough*. That's what's the matter with me. Aggie, don't you see? is the Duchess's morality, her virtue; which, by having it, that way, outside of you, as one may say, you can make a much better thing of. The child has been for Jane, I admit, a capital little subject, but Jane has kept her on hand and finished her like some wonderful piece of stitching. Oh, as work, it's of a *soigné!* There it is—to show. A woman like me has to be *herself*, poor thing, her virtue and her morality. What will you have? It's our lumbering English plan."

"So that her daughter," Mitchy sympathized, "can only, by the arrangement, hope to become at the best, her immorality and her vice?"

But Mrs. Brook, without an answer for the question, appeared suddenly to have plunged into a sea of thought. "The only way for Nanda to have been *really* nice—"

"Would have been for you to be like Jane?"

Mitchy and his hostess seemed for a minute, on this, to gaze together at the tragic truth. Then she shook her head. "We see our mistakes too late." She repeated the movement, but as if to let it all go, and Vanderbank, meanwhile, pulling out his watch, had got up with a laugh that showed some inattention and made to Mitchy a remark about their walking away together. Mitchy, engaged for the instant with Mrs. Brook, had assented only with a nod, but the attitude of the two men had become that of departure. Their friend looked at them as if she would like to keep one of them, and for a purpose connected somehow with the other, but was oddly, almost ludicrously, embarrassed to choose. What was in her face indeed, during this short passage, might prove to have been, should we penetrate, the flicker of a sense that, in spite of all intimacy and amiability, they could, at bottom and as things commonly turned out, only be united against her. Yet she made at the end a sort of choice in going on to Mitchy: "He hasn't at all told you the real reason of Nanda's idea that you should go in for Aggie."

"Oh, I draw the line there," said Vanderbank. "Besides, he understands that too."

Mitchy did, on the spot, himself and every one justice. "Why, it just disposes of me, doesn't it?"

Vanderbank, restless now and turning about the room, stopped, on this, with a smile for Mrs. Brook. "We understand too well!"

"Not if he doesn't understand," she replied after a moment, while she turned to Mitchy, "that his real 'combination' can, in the nature of the case, only be—"

"Oh yes"—Mitchy took her straight up—"with the young thing who is, as you say, positively and helplessly modern, and the pious fraud of whose classic identity with a sheet of white paper has been—oh tacitly, of course, but none the less practically—dropped. You've so often reminded me. I do understand. If I were to go in for Aggie it would only be to oblige. The modern girl, the product of our hard London facts, and of her inevitable consciousness of them, just as they are—she, wonderful being, *is*, I fully recognize, my real affair, and I'm not ashamed to say that when I like the individual I'm not afraid of the type. She knows too much—I don't say; but she doesn't know, after all, a millionth part of what *I* do."

"I'm not sure!" Mrs. Brook earnestly exclaimed.

He had rung out, and he kept it up, with a limpidity unusual. "And product for product, when you come to that, I'm a queerer one myself than any other. The traditions *I* smash!" Mitchy laughed.

Mrs. Brook had got up and Vanderbank had gone again to the window. "That's exactly why," she returned: "you're a pair of monsters and your monstrosity fits. She does know too much," she added.

"Well," said Mitchy, with resolution, "it's all my fault."

"Not *all*—unless," Mrs. Brook returned, "that's only a sweet way of saying that it's mostly mine."

"Oh, yours too—immensely; in fact every one's. Even Edward's, I dare say; and certainly, unmistakably, Harold's. Ah, and Van's own—rather!" Mitchy continued; "for all he turns his back and will have nothing to say to it."

It was on the back Vanderbank turned that Mrs. Brook's eyes now rested. "That's precisely why he shouldn't be afraid of her."

He faced straight about. "Oh, I don't deny my part."

He shone at them brightly enough, and Mrs. Brook thoughtful, wistful, candid, took in for a moment the radiance. "And yet to think that after all it has been mere *talk!*"

Something in her tone again made her hearers laugh out; so it was still with the air of good-humor that Vanderbank rejoined: "Mere, mere, mere. But perhaps it's exactly the 'mere' that has made us range so wide."

Mrs. Brook's intelligence abounded. "You mean that we haven't had the excuse of passion?"

Her companions once more gave way to gayety, but "There you are!" Vanderbank said, after an instant, less sociably. With it too he held out his hand.

"You *are* afraid," she answered as she gave him her own; on which, as he made no rejoinder, she held him before her. "Do you mean you *really* don't know if she gets it?"

"The money, if he *doesn't* go in?"—Mitchy broke, almost with an air of responsibility, into Vanderbank's silence. "Ah, but, as we said, surely—!"

It was Mitchy's eyes that Vanderbank met. "Yes, I should suppose she gets it."

"Perhaps then, as a compensation, she'll even get *more*—!"

"If I don't go in? Oh!" said Vanderbank. And he changed color.

He was by this time off, but Mrs. Brook kept Mitchy a moment. "Now—by that suggestion—he has something to show. He won't go in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOST NAILING BAD SHOT IN CREATION.

A Story of the Indian Mutiny.

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

THIS, again, is one of poor Craddock's stories, which he told me when we were stretching a steel-edged ribbon of rail across shifting sand hills; that ribbon uniting West to East, on which, a few years later, he met his death in trying to rid the permanent way of something which Fate decreed should be permanently in the way.

It happened in mutiny-time. He was serving as a volunteer in one of the breastworks, which, as the long hot-weather months dragged by, began to seam and sear the face of the red rocks of the Ridge at Delhi, creeping nearer and nearer to the red face of the city wall.

And with him, as the catch-phrase runs, "lay" Joe Banks, the Yorkshireman—tall, stolid, silent. Good-looking also, with a thick close crop of curly fair hair and hard, honest blue eyes. He was not stupid, by any means, only phenomenally silent, except when the talk turned on women, and then, as Craddock put it tersely, he "damned free," perhaps because, as the latter worthy used to add, with a suspicion of sympathy in his drink-blurred face, he had "cared a sight deal too much for one woman to 'ave much likin' left for the lot."

To one side of the breastwork lay a dry ravine, where, every day, the vipers used to sun themselves on the hot red rocks. Just across it, within range, rose a small Mohammedan shrine amid sparse brushwood, which thickened a bit till it was barred by the ruined wall of a garden, where the slow oxen circled round the well, sending runnels of slippery-looking water to the scented shade of citrons, roses, and mangoes, heedless of the spent cannonballs which sometimes came trundling like playthings down the wide walks. Not often, though, for the stress of strife lay at the other angle of the breastwork, which faced the city wall.

Still, those who came to smoke a hard-earned pipe in what was the safest spot in the outpost soon found that the pious-looking shrine, the peaceful-looking garden, were not always so innocent as they looked. In the dusk of dark or dawn they were tenanted by what, after a time, the men agreed to call the "most nailin'" bad shot in creation.

"The direction wasn't, so to speak, so bad, sir," Craddock used to explain to me. "'E'd about 'ave 'it the sea-serpent for length; it was the elevation which, as Bull's Eyes said—savin' your presence, sir—was d——ficient. The top of the Monument was about in it, sir; an' that was why the only feller as really use' langwidge was Joey Banks, for 'e was a 'ead and shoulders 'igher than the lot o' us."

So when, in the dark, a flash used to glimmer for a second among the brushwood like a fire-fly, the men learnt to sing out, "That's for you, Joey," "Duck, my darlin', duck," and other witticisms of that kind, until the big Yorkshireman's face darkened beyond jesting-point; for he had the devil's own temper when roused. It was this, joined to his extreme good looks and a somewhat hazy recollection of the Bible and the classics among the volunteers, which earned him the name of Apollyon. So to soothe him some of the wilder spirits would organize a charge over the ravine, scattering perhaps a few drowsy adders which had forgotten to go to bed, but nothing else. The blind old fakeer in the shrine was always fast asleep, the bullocks in the garden circling slowly, driven by a drowsy lad curled up behind them.

So the days passed, and, despite practice, the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" shot badly as ever. The odds, however, as the men pointed out gravely to Apollyon, kept on improving, so that sooner or later there must be a "casoolty" in the garrison of No. 1 Outpost. Joey, too, would get careless; he wouldn't stoop enough, etc., etc. And, sure enough, one evening, just as the moonlight was gaining on the daylight, and Joey Banks had risen to his full height—in a huff because Craddock for once had sided against him in the perennial argument as to whether it was worth while fighting for women who didn't know what they would be at and hadn't the pluck of a mouse—one of the fire-fly flashes was followed by a sudden clapping of the giant's hands to the very crown of his head.

"We looked, sir," Craddock used to say gravely, with that reminiscent biblical knowledge of his which had doubtless supplied the name Apollyon, "for 'im to fall dead, as 'e deserve rich, for 'e'd bin damnin' uncommon free, sir. But 'e only use' it worse. And then, savin' your presence, sir, we see that 'e'd 'ad, so ter speak, a narrer-gauge line laid down thro' 'is jungle—right through 'is curls, sir. Lordy! 'ow we laughed! It was a lady, we told 'm, as wanted some locks, an' no mistake. It sorter made 'im mad, for 'e just stooped and gathered the lot—bein' fair, you could see it shinin' in the dust—together. 'She shall 'ave 'em, never fear,' 'e says, quiet like. 'Yes! the person who fired that shot shall 'ave more o' my 'air than he reckon for.'"

Just at that moment, however, one of those sudden alarms which, for three months, kept the men and officers before Delhi on the alert by day and night, broke up the company, and so Joe Banks's loss passed out of most minds. Except his own, of course. It lingered there, aided by that narrow-gauge over his brain, on which the cool night wind blew pleasantly.

So when the alarm passed, instead of coming back to rest, he crept out surreptitiously by the back of the breastwork—for such sorties were strictly out of order—and so by a slant downwards across the ravine. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and he caught the sparkle of many a deadly pair of eyes among the rocks. But he was in no mood to step aside from any danger, and, once beyond fear of recall, he strode along straight, as if the whole place belonged to him; it might have, for all the opposition he got. The fakeer was asleep, as usual, the oxen circling round the well, and in the scented shade of the roses and citrons he could find nothing save some drowsy birds, who fluttered and twittered helplessly as his tall head forced a way through the thickets.

Feeling ill-used, he set his face back towards the breastwork, until the extraordinary peace of the moonlit scene—which, as Craddock asserted, used in the interval of onslaught to make the beleaguered city look like the New Jerusalem—brought him to a standstill: first to look, then to take out his pipe, finally to sit on a rock and think vaguely of the Yorkshire wolds, and of some one, no doubt, who had not had the courage of her convictions; for after a bit he murmured, "She were a raight down coward—that's where it is, aw'm thinkin'."

He had not much time for reflection, however, for at that moment there was a flash, a crack, and something whizzed past his left ear. The "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" was better at close quarters! His blood was up in a second, and without pausing to pick up his musket, which he had laid aside, he was off to the spot whence the flash had come. And there! *Whoop, forward! Gone away!* was his quarry for sure, running like a hare for some hiding-place, no doubt, among the rocks. It might have been reached, for rumor tells of many secret passages between palaces inside the city and gardens without, but for a true-lovers' knot of vipers which refused to budge from the path, which made the flying figure give a screech, and the flying feet, in their effort to overleap it, miss footing and fall.

The next instant Joe Banks was on it as it lay, conscious even in his hurry that what he gripped was something young and soft. A boy, no doubt—devil's spawn!

"Aw'm goan ter choak ye on t' hair," he said, grimly. "Open yer domned mouth. D'ye hear?"

It was almost as if the prostrate figure understood; but the next instant a set of gleaming white teeth had closed like a squirrel's round Joe Banks's first finger. He let off an echoing yell to the previous screech, and an oddly satisfied smile came to the fierce little face he could scarcely see for his big hand. It was an oval face, smooth as a girl's.

"That's nowt to Joey Banks, lad; he can kill anoother waay," he growled savagely, as he shifted a knee to pin his prisoner down, loosed his left hand, his right being detained, and deliberately drew out one of the many knives stuck in his enemy's waistband. "Aw'll lay t' hair abun tha' heaart, tha' wrigglin' worm, and driv' it hoam—that aw' wull."

In pursuance of which plan he undid an embroidered satin waistcoat and began to push aside an inner muslin vest. A sniff of musk and roses mingled with the moonlight. "Stinks and bites like a foumart," he muttered. "Soa, lie thee still, will tha'? an' tak that to thissen, ma'—Gor amoighty!"

Joe Banks was on his feet; so was his enemy. Both dazed, uncertain. Flight seemed to come uppermost to the latter's thought, until the big man suddenly laughed—a low chuckle of sheer amusement.

"An' t' coom like a wild-cat at Joey Banks—that caps owt!"

The next instant he was grappling with a whirlwind of knives, nails, anything.

"Woa! woa! ma' lass! Hands off, tha' little vixen, till I git a look at tha'!" he said, soothingly, as he prisoned two small hands in one huge fist, and with the other held his adversary almost tenderly at arm's-length. What he saw, as he afterwards described it to Craddock, was just "a mort o' pistols an' pouches."

"Well! well! Aw'm jiggered!" he exclaimed at last, adding, argumentatively, "Whatten iver mad' tha' go fur t' do it, tha' foolish lass?"

Something in his broad, not unkindly rebuke seemed to take the starch out of the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot." It seemed to cower in on itself and become smaller; though, as Joe Banks told himself perplexedly, it had been small enough to begin with.

"Well! aw—aw'm jiggered!" he repeated, more softly. "Whatten made tha' do it, ma' lass?"

The answer was feminine and disconcerting—a sudden storm of tears. So they stood, the quaintest couple in the world, she bristling with cold steel of sorts, he bareheaded in the moonlight, with nothing but his hands for weapons.

"Dunnot," he said, soothingly, not without a certain trepidation. "Aw'm noan goan t' hurt thee, ma' gell. We'm not thaat soort t' womenkind; an' tha's a main pratty gell." Here he laughed softly, a laugh that was lost in a third—

"Well, aw'm *jiggered!!*"

He appeared to be so, for he ceased thrusting her from him—she being, indeed, too much engaged with tears to make such cessation dangerous—and passed his hand over his forehead, as if to clear his brain.

"Aw'm noan goan t' hurt tha', ma' lass," he repeated suddenly, as if for his own information; "aw'm nobbut goan t' shame tha' fur tha' badness."

And with that he lifted her right up like a baby, sat down on a neighboring rock, and set her on his knee.

"Thou'rt as light as a feather," he said, almost admiringly. "An' t' coom at Joey Banks like a wild-cat; for sure it caps owt; but thou'rt a bad gell an' mun be shamed. So sit still an' be doon wi' 't."

Once more he might have claimed comprehension, for the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" sat still, with the half-wicked, half-frightened look of a curious squirrel, as one by one he transferred knives and pistols to his own person. It was rather a lengthy business, by reason of his right hand—the one that had been bitten—being still occupied in prisoning her. Not that she struggled; on the contrary, she sat curiously still, checking even her sobs.

"Now for t' hair," he went on methodically, pulling off the large green turban wound around the small head. He sat half-perturbed and breathless after this was done, and the half-wicked, half-frightened dark eyes watching him seemed to admit a faint smile.

"Whew—w—w!" he said, under his breath; "it's long for sartin sure." It was, and a faint scent of orange blossom assailed him as he loosed the plaits. His hand trembled among them a little and lingered.

"Aw' mun be as good 's ma' word," he muttered—"as Joey Banks's word. See tha' here—sit tha' still, there's a good lass, an' let me hurry up, wilt thou?" There was almost an appeal in his voice, and both hands shook a little as the long black tresses twined themselves about the big fingers like snakes.

"Aw'm noan goan t' hurt—" he was reiterating blindly, when, perhaps fortunately, the whole bewildering face before him relapsed into a mischievous smile, and one small finger pointed derisively to the crown of his head. He flushed up scarlet.

"Thee's nobbut a wicked, bad gell!" he said, fiercely, "an' Joey Banks 'll shame tha'—a bold hussy!" So he set her on her feet and attacked her last bit of masculinity. This was a long green waistband wound round her middle, and which had carried a score or so of pistols, yataghans, and Heaven knows what murderous weapons. Of this portion of the toilet Craddock said it was hard to get Joey Banks to speak at all, and when he did his voice dropped to a whisper and he looked positively scarlet. She was so main slender, he said, that he thought he would never have done unwinding, though after a bit she helped cheerfully by twiddling like a teetotum. At last, however, she stood there, slim, girlish, her long hair shimmering, her dark eyes shining, half with tears, half with smiles.

"'An' then, Joey?' I arst 'im, sir, when 'e sate mumchance," Craddock would say at this period of his recital. "'Aw' out wi' "Fower angels rou-and ma' bed," man, an' a' up wi' her in ma' arms an' a' kissed her face fair an' oft, man—fair and oft, just t' shame her—an' a' runned awaay. Thet's what a' did, aw' runned awaay.' An' maybe, sure's my name's Nathaniel James in 'Oly Baptism, sir, he done a wise thing."

Half-way across the ravine, however, he paused to pick up his musket and look back. The "Most Nailin' Bad Shot in Creation" was standing where he had left her, with her face hidden in her hands. For an instant something tore at his heart, bidding him go back; then he set his teeth with an oath and ran on. Five minutes later he had slipped into a favorite cranny of rock beside Craddock, and was puffing away at his pipe as if nothing had happened—absolutely silent, till, according to the latter's report, he "gave a silly sort of laugh," and in the moonlight his eyes could be seen shining like stars as he turned and said, softly,

"Well, lad, a' ha' dune it this time."

"Done what, Apollyon?" asked Craddock.

"A' dunnot roightly kna', but a' ha' dune it for sartin' sure," replied Joe Banks, succinctly. And then he told the story.

"One of them *gazes*,* as they call 'em," interrupted Craddock, when the big man told of his discovery, in a sort of hushed voice. "They make 'em male an' female—the latter most vicious. Bad lots ut o' the bazaar needin' a passport to the skies—or the devil." Joe Banks's big fist came down like a sledge-hammer on Craddock's knee.

"Hush, mon!" he said, peremptorily. "She wo'ant none that sort. When a' kissed her—" he stopped short and blushed furiously.

"Apollyon!" remarked Craddock, after a pause, with great severity, "it ain't wholesome to keep sech things comfortable in yer buzzum. It's better to 'ave up an' done with it, an' begin again. When you kiss her, wot then?"

But Joe Banks's eyes were looking out into the soft darkness, soft and dark too, for all their shininess. "A' meant to 'a' keppen co'ont, but a' didn't, somehow." His voice was quite dreamy, and Craddock rose in wrath.

"It's my belief, same as I was in the catechising, Joey Banks, that you bin an' fallen in love with a female *gaze*; but mark my word, there ain't no gratitoode to speak of in *gazes*, and she'll nick you yet, sure as my name's Nathaniel James. She'll nick you yet, I do assure you."

But Craddock was wrong. Whatever else she did, the "Most Nailin' Bad Shot" shot no more. Not that it mattered much to Joey Banks whether she did or not, since but a few days after the long-prophesied "casoolty" came to No. 1 Outpost. Volunteer Joseph Banks, sometime canal overseer, was reported missing after a sortie; but as he had been last seen mortally wounded close to the city wall, his comrades mourned Apollyon from the first as dead. So, as Craddock said, feelingly, "there weren't even a lock o' 'is 'air for 'is old mother, an' she was a widder."

There was not, however, much time for mourning in the outpost, since the long months of the siege were drawing to a close. Then came the final assault, the ten days of struggle within the city, until even the palace was ours, and the army which had taken it prepared to move off elsewhere. It was the evening before the start, and Craddock, who as a volunteer had more liberty to go and come as he chose, went down to the now deserted outpost to smoke a last pipe and think over the past with the pleasing melancholy which goes so admirably with tobacco.

"Poor Joey Banks!" he thought, as memory came round to that episode. "'Im an' 'is female *gaze*. I sha'n't never forget 'em."

I will tell the rest in Craddock's own words; they suit the story.

"I look up, sir, an' you might 'ave knocked me over with a ninepin, for there was Joey, lookin' as spry as spry. 'Joey,' says I, takin' it as one does, sir, for all them sayin's of ninepins and feathers and such like, quite calm, 'so you're not dead?'

"'Na, lad,' he says back, as calm like. 'Aw'm goan t' be married, an' a've coom t' get t' best man.'

"It took me all of a 'eap, sir—sorter Malachi an' the minor prophets, sir—as things does sometimes. 'Joey, my boy,' I says, 'you ain't never goin' to marry a female *gaze?*' says I.

"But 'e was, sir. Ter cut a long story short, she'd found him an' nussed him. An' we all knows wot that means, white or black, sir. 'E'd a 'eap to tell—though Lord knows where 'e got it, for 'e didn't know no Industanee to speak of, sir—about 'ow she lived in quite a fine 'ouse, and 'ow her father an' brothers 'ad bin killed, so as she kinder 'adn't no choice but *gazing*. But I wasn't to be took with chaff, so I says to 'm, quite solemn like, 'Afore I'm best man, I've got to know, Joey—is she square?' 'E just look at me, sir, as if I were slush.

"'She'd gotten ma' hair in t' buzzum,' he said, and said no more.

"So I gave my word to be best man, sir, an' 'e sighed like as a weight was took off him. 'Than coom awa' wi' me t' passon,' says 'e, 'fur I'm goan t' be marri'd afoor aw' goes with t' army to-morrer.'

"'Then you've 'ad the bans cried?' said I; for, my father bein' bell-ringer—same as give me my name in 'Oly Baptism, sir—I was up to them dodges. 'E give me a real Apollyon frown, sir.

"'Na, lad; aw've noan had nought cried, but aw'm goan t' wed her fair afoor a fight; so save t' breath an' coom t' passon.'

"Well, sir, parson wasn't a bad chap, as I knowed, 'avin' seen 'im doin' dooty stiddy like the rest o' us, but 'e'd got 'is black coat on agin an' 'e were, by natur' the *canonized red-bricky* sort; so 'e wouldn't none o' it, though I stood solemn for Joe like as if I bin godfather, tellin' 'im 'ow Joe would 'ave bin a deader but fer 'er, an' 'ow she was willin' to become a Christian in 'Oly Baptism when she 'ad a chanst, an' 'ow Joe wouldn't never 'ave bin in a 'urry without bridemaids but for bein' that eager to fight 'is country's foes agin—for of course, sir, 'e hadn't 'ad a look in at anything but beef tea an' barley water till we took the city.

"'Why doesn't he wait decently till he comes back?' says parson. 'The Sacrament of Marriage is not a responsibility to be entered into unawares, my good—'

"Joe rose up. Lord bless you! two 'eads taller than parson. 'Coom awa', best man!' 'e says. 'It's weaste toime heer, an' aw'll need tha' at t' Mosque; passon theear arn't so scrumfumptious, an' she towt ma' t' *Kulma* this marnin', foor fear.' That's their creed, sir, same as the *gazes*, male an' female, yell when they're a-stickin' of you. Well, parson 'e brought up sharp at this, an' said, 'Stay a bit.' Then 'e look at Joe, an' Joe look at 'im.

"'Tha' see, she's gotten t' be ma' wife, man,' said Joe, apologetic like, an' parson he push 'is *red-bricky* prayer-book away fretful.

"'But I don't know anything,' he said; 'I don't even know if she is a spinster or a widow. Will you swear she hasn't a husband living?'

"Well, sir, Joe looked at parson and then 'e looked at me, an' then 'e scratch 'is 'ead—the curls 'ad grown tight as ever, sir—an' then sudden 'e smile—one o' them smiles like the sun on a daisy, sir.

"'Aw' dunnot know,' said 'e; 'aw' never arst her!'

"'Aw' never arst her,' says he, quite cheerful like. An' parson 'e look at me, an' at 'im, and at the Solemnization o' 'Oly Matrimony. Well, the end o' it was that the three o' us went down to one o' them light an' shady open-air houses, with a tree growin' out o' a wall and a lot o' pigeons. Parson 'e stood on one o' the arches raised up a step or two, an' they stood in the steps below, right in the sun, an' I stood 'twixt and between; for, you see, sir, I was clerk as well as best man.

"'Will you take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' arst parson.

"'Such is my desire,' says I, in order; but Joe wouldn't none o' that.

"'Fur better fur worse,' 'e says, 'fur richer, fur poorer; domned if a' doan't.'

"So 'e was wedded to the 'Most Nailin' Bad Shot in Creation.'"

"And was she pretty?" I asked of Craddock.

He shook his head. "I never set eyes on her, sir, though I was best man. She was wrapped up in a white veil, an' 'e kep' 'er so—said she liked it; they does, sir, when they've got a good 'usband."

"So they lived happy ever after?"

"Not for long, sir." Here Craddock slipped his hands into his pockets as the first step towards slouching off. "That sort o' thing don't somehow last long, sir." Here his eyes sought the gold of the setting sun, as they had a trick of doing when they grew soft. "Seems to me, savin' your presence, sir, as if there was too much o' the Noo Jerewsalem about that sort o' thing fur this world; that's 'ow it is. She died, sir, a few years after, when 'e was back in the Canals in a God-forsaken spot where there wasn't no one to—to be best man like. An' so they found 'im beside her with a bullet in his brain. So I was a minor prophet, after all, an' Joey Banks got nicked at last by the 'Most Nailin' Bad Shot in Creation.'"

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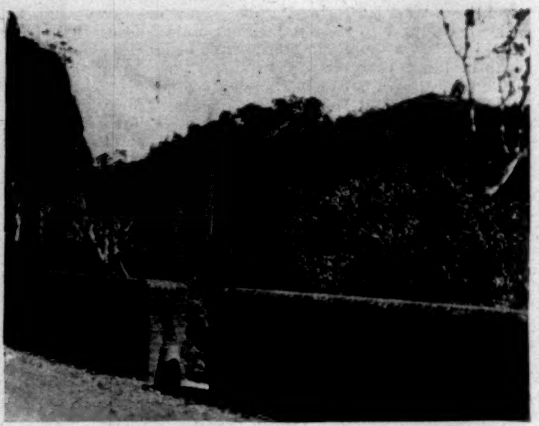
* Ghazis—religious fanatics.

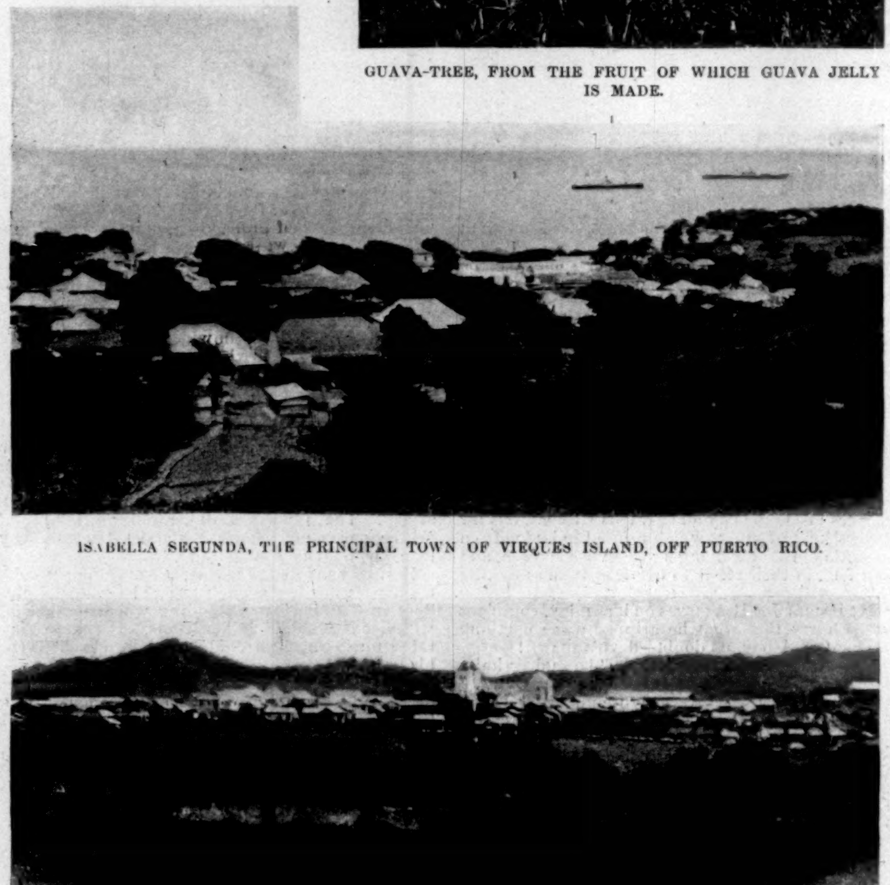
CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN ON THE GREAT MILITARY ROAD, NORTH OF AYBONITO



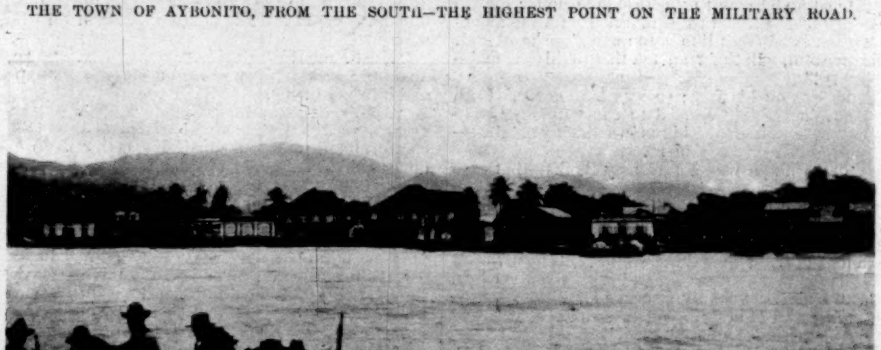
THE MILITARY ROAD, LOOKING TOWARD THE SPANISH POSITION AT AYBONITO.

GUAVA-TREE, FROM THE FRUIT OF WHICH GUAVA JELLY IS MADE.

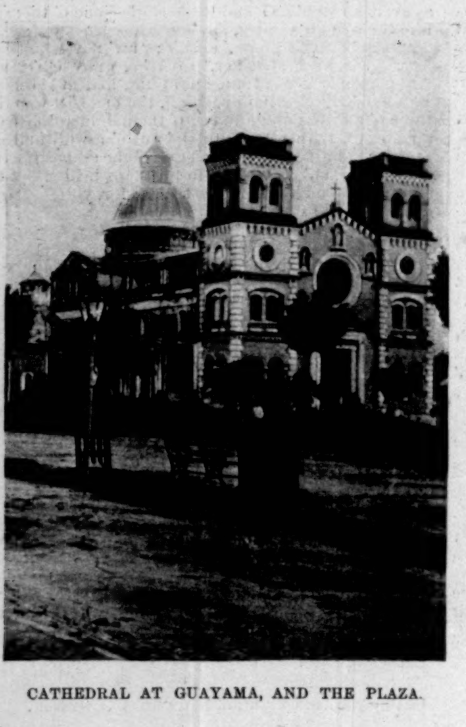
SUGAR-CANE FIELDS AT VIEQUES, OR CRAB, ISLAND.
One and Two Years' Growth.



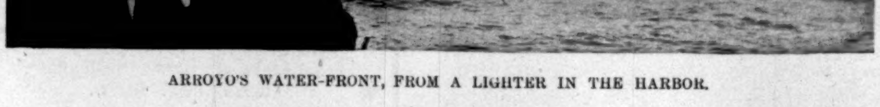
ISABELLA SEGUNDA, THE PRINCIPAL TOWN OF VIEQUES ISLAND, OFF PUERTO RICO.



THE TOWN OF AYBONITO, FROM THE SOUTH—THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE MILITARY ROAD.



CATHEDRAL AT GUAYAMA, AND THE PLAZA.



ARROYO'S WATER-FRONT, FROM A LIGHTER IN THE HARBOR.

PUERTO RICO.

Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly."

AMATEVR · SPORT

AFTER ALL THE EXPERIENCE of last spring, it would seem that Wisconsin's athletic committee has either lost its head or had none to lose. Such is the conclusion prompted by the manner in which Wisconsin has brought her charges against members of the Chicago University eleven. There is too strong a suggestion of a revengeful spirit; too much evidence of a desire "to get even." I am told, and I have every reason to believe, that a bitter feeling against Chicago exists among the undergraduates of Wisconsin, who blame the former for the boycott of last spring. We can forgive something of this kind in the immature undergraduate, but we cannot understand a faculty that permits it to go before the world as the deliberate action of the university. If Chicago has men on her eleven who are ineligible to play, unquestionably Wisconsin is perfectly justifiable in protesting, but that protest should be made first to the committee of the Chicago University, and not through the medium of the daily press.

There should be this winter a meeting of the faculties of these several universities and another attempt made for more complete agreement as to the method of protesting members of one another's teams. Unless something of this sort is accomplished, the atmosphere of college sport in the Middle West will be long clearing.

IT WOULD BE MOST UNFORTUNATE if Wisconsin and Chicago should break relations because of the present misunderstanding. Nothing will be gained to either; on the other hand, much harm will be done Middle-Western college sport.

Chicago has good cause to be indignant over the method Wisconsin is pursuing. At the same time, Chicago and the others should remember that the course pursued last spring against Wisconsin could have been very much improved upon. There is need for charity and good faith.

The present difficulty between Chicago and Wisconsin indicates too much undergraduate impulsiveness and too little mature faculty judgment. One would think these universities surfeited with recrimination and sensational newspaper discussion. What the Middle West university athletic committees need now is more respect for one another, more confidence in one another's good intentions, less washing of soiled linen in public. I have before frequently commented on the menace to the wholesome development of sport that Western tendency to rush into print on the slightest occasion offers.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE MIDDLE WEST have in '98 passed through a trying year; but despite the present most unpleasant discussion between two of them, I believe it bids fair to turn out a profitable one, at least so far as concerns the ultimate bearing upon a harmonious stand for pure sport.

The season which opened in March with charges by Chicago, Michigan, and Illinois against Wisconsin ended, on the whole, with a pretty good feeling, and with some lessons learned both as to the necessity of fair and square dealing in sport, and as to the desirability of acting with frank good faith toward one another. While Wisconsin was not the only one needing the lesson, her attitude generally had for a year been antagonistic to wholesome sport, not only in upholding Maybury and Cochems, whom the Western Inter-collegiate Association had whitewashed, to its everlasting disgrace, but in the conduct of its baseball and football teams, especially the latter.

WITHOUT ENTERING UPON DETAILS, it may be assumed, and it is true, that the faculty boards of Michigan, Chicago, and Illinois universities acted conscientiously for the sake of sport in the Middle West when, last spring, they publicly charged the University of Wisconsin with condoning professionalism, and forthwith broke off athletic relations with that institution. It is to Wisconsin's credit that her own athletic council finally searched out the evidence which positively convicted Maybury and Cochems not only of professionalism in 1895, but of subsequent and repeated lying in their many declarations of innocence. Wisconsin's board was emphatically reprehensible for not having searched earlier and more diligently.

Its failure to do so gave to the other three institutions the natural feeling that a tendency to "whitewash" suspected athletes ruled at Madison. Certainly the public act of the three was tantamount to declaring that the faculty members of Wisconsin's council would not act in good faith if charges against certain men on its baseball and track teams were submitted. Coming after the '96 convention, to which all had subscribed, and wherein it had been expressly agreed that all suspected cases should be submitted to the faculty of the college concerned, and its decision accepted as made in good faith, this declaration of the three was a flagrant and insulting breach of contract, which can only be explained by the want of confidence in Wisconsin's honest wish for wholesome sport which its menacing attitude had created.

At all events, as the case stands now, Wisconsin's final action acquits her of whitewashing at least Maybury and Cochems.

THE LESSON THAT SHOULD BE HAMMERED HOME to all Western universities is the imperative need of open and aboveboard dealings with one another in the future. Let there be no further boycotting, no more seeking for newspaper notoriety, but let all protests be submitted in good faith to the faculty committee of the institution whose athletes are under suspicion. If relief be withheld, let the matter then be laid before a joint committee.

The bickerings and bad feelings of the past season must have emphasized the undesirability of leagues. If exception be made at all, then only should it be in the case of track athletics. The undergraduates are clamoring now for such an organization on a new plan, and profess confidence in smooth sailing. But the undergraduate is now, and always will be, clamorous and hopeful. The experience of the past, East and West, is against leagues. Dual meets are more nearly the ideal for the promotion of good feeling and honest sport on the track and field. Let them become more common in the Middle West and there will be no place for the phantasies of "championships" that now seem to set undergraduates and alumni by the ears. Independent athletic relationship is the healthful plan for universities, and in the annual Western conference of professors no efforts will be more surely rewarded nor work more certainly for the benefit of wholesome sport than those in this direction.

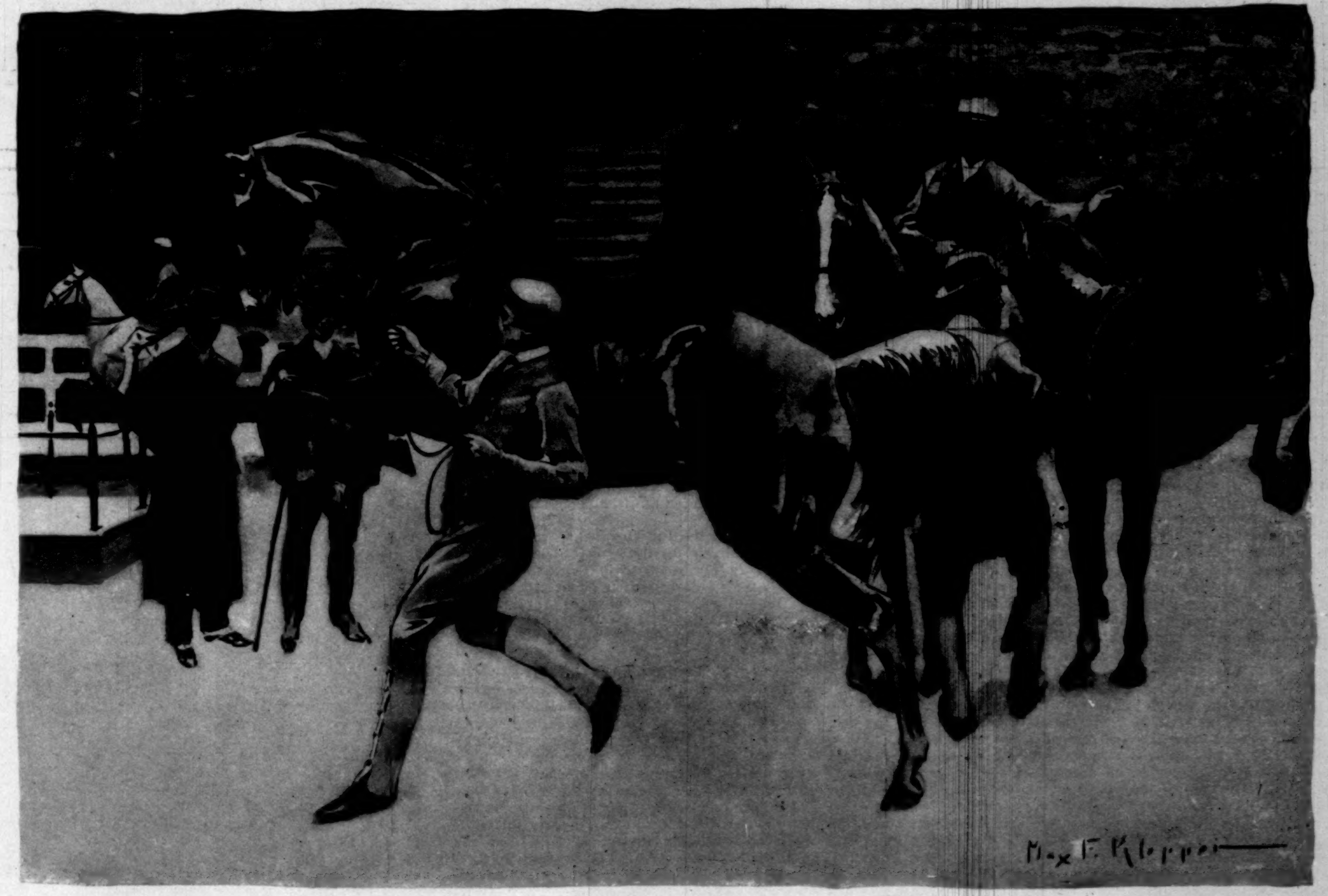
THERE WAS ONE PHASE of the athletic tangle last spring, settled at the conference suggested by Wisconsin, which reveals the type of sporting creature that represents the A. A. U. in the Middle West. When Michigan, Chicago, and Illinois withdrew from the Western Inter-collegiate Athletic Association last June because Maybury and Cochems had been scandalously whitewashed by that body, the A. A. U. officials in the West proceeded to disqualify the athletes of these three institutions for subsequently holding a triangular meet open only to college men. No criticism was made by the A. A. U. on the amateur status of the entries, the only excuse being support of the W. I. A. A., an affiliated body.

It was a presumptuous piece of business, indeed, and revealed the character of the A. A. U.'s Western representatives, whose animus was perfectly apparent. Maybury and Cochems were members of the Chicago A. A., that was recruiting a team throughout the Middle West to use against the New York club, and wanted the services of these two men. Such recruiting has increased greatly in recent years, to the notable harm of track athletics, and the A. A. U., instead of restraining the evil within legitimate bounds, has rather, through its Western representatives—men with small conception of amateur sport—encouraged it. This evidence of vicious mismanagement, and the presumption of the A. A. U. in attempting to direct the course of college sport not only by its attitude last summer, but by its attempt this autumn to usurp control of football, has drawn upon itself the contempt of Middle-Western colleges. Chicago already has a rule forbidding their athletes competing for clubs during the years they are in college. Michigan will probably adopt a like rule, aimed at the A. A. U., and forbidding its athletes wearing any but university colors during summer or college term. Unless Western colleges desire their best athletes contaminated by free board, etc., at the Chicago A. A. during the summer, they must in self-defence take such measures.

MIDDLE-WESTERN AMATEUR STATUS has been steadily improving in the last three years.

That it is not yet entirely satisfactory as is to be somewhat expected. At Wisconsin there appears to be evidence of a pretty thorough regeneration and a return to the vigorous policy which for a time characterized that institution's part in the move for reform. Meanwhile there are hints that the old evil is creeping into one or two other institutions. Faculties cannot afford to be lax for a moment so long as, in the unsettled condition now to be found in the Middle West, undergraduate and some graduate sentiment still makes for victory first and cleanliness afterwards. The flurry at Michigan over the Stuart case (in which a student sneaked in only for football and was sneaked out again) is evidence of this. At Michigan, however, the undergraduate sentiment is really more wholesome than ever before. The same can be said of Chicago, Illinois, and Northwestern universities. There are hints and rumors of football-players at these colleges whose standing is at least suspicious. So far no definite proofs are submitted; but the rumors urge upon faculties of those and all colleges the necessity of vigilance that shall be more unremitting than ever. Minnesota and Purdue have rather dropped out of the prominence they obtained through their strong football teams. Beloit and Notre Dame have taken their places temporarily, but it cannot be said the ethical condition at either of these institutions, which are not subscribers to the Western faculty rules, has improved, as was hoped it might. It is time for somebody on the faculties of these two active colleges to take hold of things.

I am glad to note that the alumni football game appears to have become a fixture. Middle-Western college sport needs nothing more than frequent contact with its alumni. Michigan started the game last autumn, and



AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW—EXAMINING THE HORSES DURING THE EARLY MORNING HOURS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1165.]

A. R. T. HILLEBRAND,
Princeton's Captain and Tackle.

this year Illinois, Purdue, Wisconsin, and some of the smaller colleges have followed her example. The game at Ann Arbor this year attracted special excursions from Detroit and about 1000 alumni from different sections. This is a very large turning out for a Middle West college.

The Harvard-Brown game (17–6) was notable chiefly for the excellent showing Brown made against her much stronger opponent. It also suggested the need of Cochrane's work being very much improved before the Yale game, or of his giving way to Farley. Brown's touch-down was made because Cochrane's punt was blocked; and neither Cochrane nor any other of the Harvard eleven was spry enough to catch Washburn before he had crossed Harvard's goal-line. No one expected Harvard to reveal her best game against Brown, but it was surprising there should be such a departure from the very strong defence shown against Pennsylvania. It was surprising, too, that, after the display of tackling at Cambridge, Brown's half-backs should have been permitted to make such gains. Richardson, in particular, seemed able to get his distance whenever he wished, not to mention a thirty-yard run around the end, and a fifty-five-yard run from scrimmage.

In the first half, Brown carried the ball from the centre of the field, without losing it, straight down the field to within six inches of Harvard's goal-line, where she lost it by a very close decision of the referee. In the series of plays by which Brown carried the ball so close to scoring, the Harvard line has not had a more continuous battering this season, Brown's backs, Washburn and Richardson, together with Murphy and Hapgood, proving irresistible in their formations.

PRINCETON FORMATION, ON THE BALL BEING SENT BACK FOR A KICK.

Harvard began the game at a very lively pace, and had Brown on her twenty-five-yard line in short order. Then Harvard gained the ball on a fumble, and immediately afterwards lost it in the same way. A forty-five-yard run by Sawin put the ball on Brown's fifteen-yard line, and a few plays thereafter served to carry it over for a touch-down. It was immediately after this that Brown made her brace which came so near to scoring. Harvard's next score was gained in a manner similar to the first—a long run by Sawin followed by rushing the ball over. Toward the end of the first half, Brown made her touch-down, and very shortly after, Cochrane's attempt to drop a goal from the thirty-five-yard line was blocked, the half ending with the score 11–6 in Harvard's favor.

Harvard's defence stiffened considerably in the second half, although Richardson was able to make a couple of long runs; and Brown showed poor judgment in trying a drop-kick for goal when there was such a chance for a touch-down in rushing.

Harvard's next, and last, touch-down was the result of line-plunging, which carried the ball from her own forty-five-yard line straight across to Brown's goal.

The game did not reflect creditably on Harvard, the absence of interference for her runners and the general slowness of the men in getting into the play being features one hardly expects to see emphasized by a 'varsity eleven one week before its final great game. The showing of Brown's eleven was exceedingly creditable. It handled the ball cleanly and seemed to understand the business of the play thoroughly.

Pennsylvania's game against Carlisle (35–5) was just one of that kind which has done so much to create overwhelming confidence in the invariable efficiency of the guards-back play. It was one of those games in which the Pennsylvania team overshadowed its opponents sufficiently to have at no moment, in either half, its confidence shaken. There was no time when the famous play was being broken, nor was there evidence at any time of her opponents being sufficiently expert in the finesse of football to take advantage of Pennsylvania's fumbles. No play has ever been developed which, under such circumstances, produces results so satisfactory. I think I have said before, that when the opposing team is only slightly inferior, the guards-back formation is a startlingly powerful play. The reason the guards-back play failed to work against Harvard was because Harvard was stout enough to stand the terrific hammering without losing any of her own effective strength. Carlisle lacked that strength. The Pennsylvania team certainly played a dashing accumulative game against Carlisle, and let it be understood that it would have shown to equal advantage against Harvard under like conditions of opponents' inferiority.

From first to last of the game against the Indians, Pennsylvania depended almost entirely on the guards-back play. There was practically no other style attempted. Perhaps the surprise of the game was the manner in which the Indians gained through the Pennsylvania line, Metoxen, Wheelock, and Pierce seeming able to make their distance with unexpected frequency. As against Chicago, Pennsylvania's large score was due more largely to her physical than to her football superiority. Had the Indians not been so overmatched in that particular, the disparity in scores would have been less.

GENERAL VIEW OF BROKAW FIELD, PRINCETON.

This is by no means to belittle Pennsylvania's work as a team, which was excellent, but merely to emphasize the comment I have already made concerning the need of physical superiority for the success of the guards-back play. Hare, as usual, was Pennsylvania's chief ground-gainer; and football has seen very few such line-bucking guards as this one of Pennsylvania. McCracken was Pennsylvania's other line-bucker of note. The most sensational features of the game were the two runs by Outland, Pennsylvania's half-back. His first was made from a kick-off. After a difficult catch on Pennsylvania's five-yard line, he carried the ball through the entire Indian team—ninety yards—to Carlisle's twenty-yard line. The other was made on a caught try for field-goal by Wheelock. Instead of touching the ball down and bringing it out for the kick-off, Outland again went through the Carlisle team, running ninety-five yards before finally tackled by Seneca. They were beautiful runs, and valuable ones to Pennsylvania, as each resulted in a touch-down. But they were exceptional opportunities that probably would not have been offered by a team thoroughly drilled in the game. The fact of their accomplishment illustrates the weakness of the Indians' team—viz., its apparent difficulty in mastering the open-field game, and in taking quick action and the proper kind when the unusual occurs. This simply means, however, that it has not been playing football long enough to know the game thoroughly. Such knowledge comes only with long experience.

Another instance of the Indians' inexperience was the gain Pennsylvania made on the quarter-back kick. In these days of football, a quarter-back kick should never be a gaining play against a first-class team, when it is, somebody is not attending to his business properly. The Indians' only goal was kicked by Wheelock from placement.

The Pennsylvania-Cornell Thanksgiving-day game is bound to be intensely interesting. I am quite curious to see how Cornell winds up, after her brilliant start at the beginning and her slump in the middle of the season.

The team sought preliminary practice at Richfield Springs this year, and because of it its scores in first games were considerably larger than usual. But extra and harmful training had the same effect on Cornell as it has had before on the University of Pennsylvania—viz., the men reached their top form too early in the season. Cornell has probably never played better than against Carlisle, whom she defeated (23–6) October 8. It was, too, the first big game of the Indians, and their condition seemed the best shown this season. The play was very hard, and while no Cornell man left the game, several who had stood the brunt of work were hurt in practice a week later, and the team, as a whole, has not yet recovered the form displayed in October.

It looks as though she would be in tiptop shape on Thanksgiving day, and if so, it is my opinion the contest will be the closest Pennsylvania and Cornell have yet had. If Cornell does reach such form, her game will be a telling one against Pennsylvania's single reliance. Cornell at best is very aggressive.

Of the Cornell individuals, in the line, Reed (l. g.) is by all odds the strongest man on the team. He gave evidence last year of being one of the best of the season's guards, and had he not been hurt shortly after the Indian game this year, the results of Cornell's subsequent games would unquestionably have been different. Not only has his absence been felt in the line, but back of it, since Whiting's game owes much of its brilliancy to the assistance given by Reed by his interference and general co-operation.

This is not to detract from Whiting's work; he is a fast runner, a good dodger, and uses his head all the time while he has the ball; but it is literally true that his brilliant runs have by no means been so frequent during Reed's absence from the line.

Alexander may play left tackle or he may go into the back field; that is not yet decided. In either position he ought to be a ground-gainer. He is 6 ft. 3 in., and weighs about 180 lbs., and can run 100 yards in a little over ten seconds. Formerly he played at tackle, but was changed into the back field, where first-class material appeared to be scarce. Now, however, the team has Perkins and Starbuck, and very likely he will be of more service at tackle. Last year he was hurt early in the season, so this is practically his first year. If he plays tackle, it will make the left side of the line strong.

Lueder (r. g.) and Sweetland (r. t.) are both old players; each is big and strong and knows the game pretty thoroughly; but neither is sufficiently aggressive, and each too much considers his individual efforts to fit into team-play successfully. It would be well for Cornell if she could replace these two men with two others, newer to the game, perhaps, but with more ambition and more adaptability to team-work.

Sweetland has the very valuable trait of keeping his eye always on the ball; but all his energy goes in this direction, at the expense of his general play. He seems always to be watching for a chance to pick up the ball and run for a touch-down.

Caldwell, at centre, is too slow. He weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and is strong proportionately, but not alive to the possibilities of his position. He passes the ball pretty well. In general play he is not so good as Dorner, whose only failing is lack of weight.

Cornell's ends are not up to the standard. Hogan appears to be showing the best of the lot; but it is uncertain who will fill right end, now that Cross is out of it. Deval will probably play at left.

(*Continued on page 1166.*)

L. T. PALMER,
Princeton's Right End.

ARTHUR POE,
Princeton's Left End.

THE WEST INDIES.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

JAMAICA AS A TOURIST'S RESORT.

An enterprise that perhaps as much as any other would alter for the better social economic conditions of life in Jamaica would be the extension to the island of that system of tourist trips which has done so much for places of interest in the States and Canada. Think what it has done for the White Mountains and for the Adirondacks; how it has encouraged the purchase of land and settlement at the pleasure-resorts on the Lakes, and travel to Florida and the Southern bays! Now that Cuba has been added to the list of "places that must be seen"—the battle-fields on the Santiago coast are already on the extended itinerary of the winter tourist, and as soon as the Peace Commissioners shall give the word, the *entrepreneur* is prepared to let loose upon the northern coast—upon Havana and Matanzas—an eager host of sight-seers. In anticipation of these prolongations of travel, far-seeing men have already taken the Bahama Islands in hand, shrewdly surmising that the visitors will prefer returning home by a different route from that by which they sallied abroad. At present, therefore, the round trip stands Florida, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Bahamas, and a sufficiently fascinating one it is. But add Jamaica to it, and how the vista of possibilities opens out. Every traveller who has been to Jamaica, and committed his impressions to print, has left on record his opinion that this island is the *most* beautiful spot upon the earth. For myself—and I have traversed as much of the earth's surface as probably any man—I place New Zealand first; but comparing Jamaica only with what it should perhaps be fairly compared with—the tropics, the East Indies, and South America—I give this island the palm for not only beauty, but for variety of charm and accessibility. Most excellent roads traverse the island in all directions, and the visitor, with the utmost comfort, can pass in his carriage from one point of interest to another in complete security and ease. But for tourist traffic upon a scale large enough materially to benefit the island one must presuppose a system of hotel accommodation of proportionate dimensions. At present Jamaica does not possess these. There are hotels, of course—and very delightful stopping-places they are, being located in every case on a beautiful site, and convenient to spots of special interest—but they are not all large enough for the number of tourists that may reasonably be expected, so that the first direction in which enterprise must expand is the enlargement of the present hostelries and the erection of two more, one at Port Antonio and the other at Montego Bay. This once accomplished, the influx of tourists could be received from Cuba at Port Antonio, a wondrously beautiful spot on the north coast, be forwarded thence by road or rail across the island to Kingston on the southern shore, and, radiating from there, be distributed in parties over the island. After the tour they would muster again either at Port Antonio or Kingston, and thence sail to Puerto Rico, and, taking the Bahamas *en route*, return to the States.

On the first approach to Port Antonio the scene is almost exciting in its loveliness. When the sun was setting yesterday there was in sight behind us only the repellent outlines of Cuba, its grim and treacherous cliffs terraced in alternate light and shade, its slopes fleeced with harsh, short scrub, and along the water-line the steep sea-wall of coral that belts the island on the south, pitted with black caverns, in and out of which the sea perpetually plunges, gnawing at the rock and grumbling. When the sun rises next morning, what a fairy change of scene! A great green island stands up in front of us, its lofty summits wonderful with pale blue mist, and as we glide towards it the verdure separates itself into many tints, painting the scene in all shades of green, while the shadows and lights of the breaking day further serve to dapple in undertones of color the undulations of the verdant land. For now the surface of the island, as the dawn grows brighter, begins to break up into hill and vale, to marshal in due order its lower heights and its upper, to reveal its plains and plateaus. But where is the harbor? We approach nearer, yet the coast-line shows no break, no opening in the solid mountain of vegetation. We are close enough now to distinguish the pale breadths of sugar-cane on the slopes, the bright green patches of bananas on the lowland flats, the darker groves of palm that crowd down to the very edge of the sea. Straight for these our pilot seems to be steering us, for, though within a few hundred yards of the shore, there is no sign of a port or of life. But the engines are slowing down, the ship is swinging, and, lo! an island that we had thought was the foreshore of the mainland seems to be turning back as if on its hinges; thus gradually opens a waterway very, very narrow, but sufficient; and gliding into this rift of still blue water, we find ourselves on a sudden in an incomparably beautiful harbor—the bay of Port Antonio. It is impossible that any one having beheld it could ever forget the first sight of this wonderful scene; the magical suddenness of the revelation of the entrance, the unexpected apparition of a spacious and beautiful harbor where all had seemed to be solid land, are never to be forgotten. Along the shore lies the little town, snugly settled at the foot of the hills, which, densely covered with valuable crops of fruit, slope backwards from the sea and rise, rampart behind rampart, up to the blue-capped heights of the loftier ranges.

Phil. Robinson.

PUERTO RICO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

THE MILITARY ROAD.

The finest road in the Western hemisphere is to be found in the island of Puerto Rico; in fact, it is a road equalling any in the world, with the exception of some of the marvellous roadways across the Swiss Alps.

It was built by the Spanish government, at an approximate cost of four million dollars, for military purposes solely, and traverses the island from side to side diagonally across its very heart for one hundred and thirty-three kilometres (over eighty miles).

This magnificent highway was commenced in 1880, under General Sanz's military régime in Puerto Rico, and completed eight years afterwards by General Pulido Gomez. Thousands of workmen, called peons, worked year after year at a daily wage of fifty cents (Spanish), under the direction of Spanish engineers, and kept from open mutiny by a strong guard of soldiers. While the construction of the thoroughfare contemplated no philanthropic purpose, and was an expensive gift to the inhabitants, it will be in the future of incalculable commercial value, for it gives to the country the only road within the confines of the island which is really passable at all seasons of the year.

It is macadamized from end to end with finely broken calcareous rock, which cements itself into an almost solid floor. It has good bridges over the numerous fast-flowing streams, with the exception of four small rivers just north of Ponce, and the gradients are as low as it is possible to make them without extreme tortuousness of the highway. Every few kilometres are found substantial single-storied houses with red roofs, called "camineros," in which the road-tenders lived, whose duty it was to keep the road up to the high standard originally set by its promoters.

There are other roads in Puerto Rico, all

(*Continued on page 1164.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

A VALUABLE BOOK.
"Infant Health," sent out by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, Proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a valuable book, that should be in every home.—[*Adv.*]

THE LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTY.
An exquisiteness, a little marvel just created and of which our mundanes will be passionately fond—the Flower Sachet. Is it not a pretty idea?—roses, violets, pinks, presented in their natural shape, exhaling the sweetest natural and lasting scent, forming the most delicate decoration for stone and crystal ware, filling wardrobes and apartments with their sweet breath, scenting everything around them with their permeating perfume, and so advantageously replacing the former sachets, whose scent becomes insipid and wears out. The Flower Sachet is a marvel, I tell you; it is signed "Oriza."—[*Adv.*]

Superior to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

If health be wealth, they are "healthy, wealthy, and wise" who use Abbott's, The Original Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of the tonic Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS

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is, that they are the most satisfactory *short smoke* for all times and all places. For this reason they are economical and appeal to every smoker's common sense—*through his pocket!*
They are little cigars:
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You will find *many uses* for them when you know them. *At all dealers*—or trial package of 10 will be sent in souvenir pocket pouch on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.
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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') 6 round cakes, lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.
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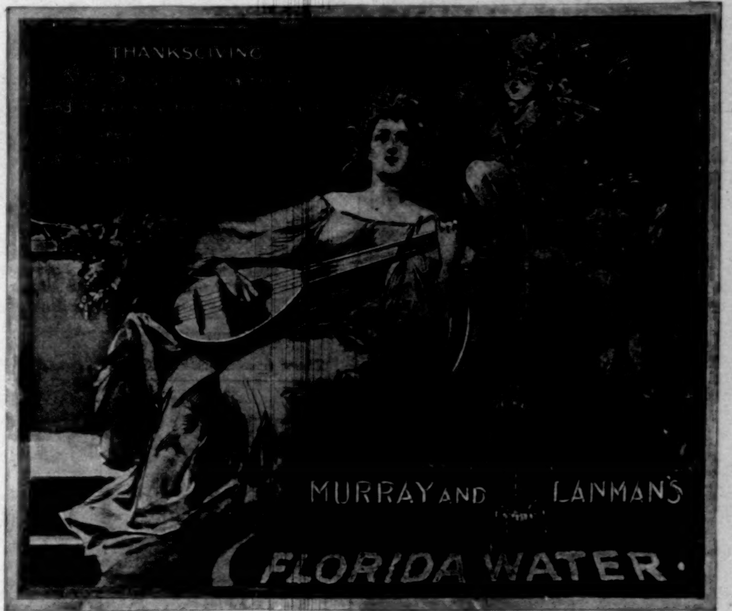

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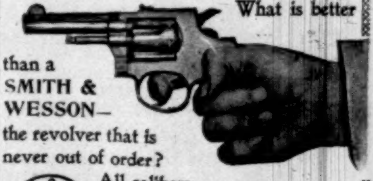

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(*Continued from page 1163.*)

built for the needs of expeditious military manœuvres, but for the greater portion of each year they are vast rivers of mud and water.

It is impossible to describe the beauties of scenery, the unsurpassed variety of emerald vegetation, and the charm of wonderful sunsets and more remarkable sunrises along this highway without relating the personal experiences of a staging trip across the island from Ponce, the great commercial centre, to San Juan, the capital, whither we were bound to witness the evacuation ceremonies. Owing to the difficulty of procuring horses, it was eleven o'clock at night when we began our wild drive from Playa.

Away we went at a dead run, the poor little rats of horses struggling in front of the heavy barouche under the repeated lashings of the driver. For the two miles leading into Ponce the road is lined with small suburban homes, and the old heavy-masonried buildings, with now and then a more modern white-balconied house, nestled under the waving cocoanut-palms, made a very pleasing picture. Through the now silent city of Ponce we rushed, the driver singing out a shrill cry of warning to a solitary sentry in blue.

Just out of the town we plunged into the rough and stony bed of the Rio Portugues, and shook and bumped across the bottom to the music of rushing water, hub high. Four times in an hour were we yanked across these rough rivers, the startling sensation being heightened by the darkness.

At Juana Diaz we changed coaches, horses, and drivers. From here to Coamo, a distance of ten miles, the road becomes gradually steeper, with now and then a short drop as the road runs over the rolling foot-hills, which become higher and bolder as the principal transverse mountain range of the island is neared.

For the first forty miles this magnificent road, which is as smooth as a floor, follows a general direction toward the east-northeast; and then at Cayey, which lies in the foot-hills, it bends almost north, making for Caguas, and then for six miles to Aguas Buenas it turns west, and finally north for the rest of the distance to the city of San Juan. The intervening mountain range is exceedingly steep and precipitous, and some wonderful feats of engineering were necessary to carry a military road over it.

Just at the faint dawn of day we pulled into Coamo, and pushed ahead for Aybonito. Only impressions of what we had passed through in the dark clung to us. Here was a great banana-plantation, whose giant leaves glinted in the starlight as the softly passing air waved them slowly to and fro; there stood the skeleton ruins of a fine villa, destroyed by the retreating Spanish soldiers. The windings of the road, which carried us around starlit valleys and through the densely verdured forests of the coffee-plantations, were very beautiful, but the panoramas which flashed upon us from bend after bend in the morning light were gorgeous beyond description.

A thousand feet below us the thousand little valleys, cut by the mountain streams and walled by steep ridges, covered to their very crests with the green of growing things, lay partially veiled in darkness, or lightly masked by the white, diaphanous clouds of vapor which seemed gently to caress each blade of green as they slowly floated upward toward the now sunlit and tinted peaks above.

We climbed the steep ascents of the backbone of the mountain just a few miles from Aybonito. The road doubled and twisted on itself in half a dozen places until it looked like a gigantic snake winding away in the distance. A great wall had been built at one point where the road scaled the steep side of a cone-topped mountain, and the advance carriage could be seen from below laboring onward a hundred feet above us. In the wall embrasures gaped empty where recently the Spanish guns swept the road below. It was this stretch of road that the Spanish soldiers commanded from an impregnable position on the mountains. It would have proved a fearful trap had our men marched into it, since from the trenches which crowned the high hills the artillery and small-arms could have annihilated an army of 10,000 men as easily as the 3000 men who were preparing to advance when the messenger arrived with the news of peace. On the side toward the enemy was a steep and precipitous mountain which fell into a narrow valley below; on the other, the rock rose bare and forbidding for fifty feet, and then, green-covered, at an angle of forty-five degrees for two hundred feet more. For over a mile extended this bare road, from which there would have been no escape except a retreat along its way, and the Spanish fire could have raked it with shrapnel and shell at perfectly known ranges. Our military men who have seen this deadly and picturesque position agree that it would have involved great loss of life, if not utter rout, if the assault had been ordered.

As the carriages passed over the highest point of the road, some seventeen hundred feet above the sea-level, a double vista revealed itself, that already viewed in the rear, and a new one to the front, even more impressive in its varied beauties of nature than the one behind us.

Down the mountain we rushed toward Aybonito for three miles. Aybonito came into view as a dream of fairyland, with castles floating in the clouds. Unfortunately, all its beauty lay in the artistic touch of nature. In reality it was a dirty, squalid little town, one of the few where no evidence of progress is observable.

Between Aybonito and Cayey we began to notice the coffee-bushes, covered with berries turning red, and in the early morning troops of women and children trudged by us, swinging closely woven baskets in which they gather the coffee-beans. The coffee-plantations lie under the shade of forests, which are necessary to protect them from the fierce heat of the noonday sun, and the uninitiated would never dream that he was passing anything more than a jungle-thick virgin forest. On every mountain-side clearings, almost hanging in the air, dot the landscape and tell a story of renewed vigor in the native breast, and the planting of his little crop of sweet-potatoes, plantains, beans, and bananas. Away down in the valleys, lining the banks of the mountain streams, are the sugar-cane fields, and on the larger plantations the high chimneys of the sugar-boiling houses rise far above the plain. It is a scene of quiet, indolent life in which man works one hour and nature the rest of the day.

Cayey is the great tobacco centre and the place of manufacture of the finest cigars on the island. It is also a hotbed of Spanish sympathizers, who make cigars for a living, and have worked under the patronage of the Spanish government.

Between Cayey and Caguas we saw stretches of waving sugar-cane, interspersed with small fields of corn. No great tobacco-fields were seen, and it is said that the best tobacco is raised on the hill-sides towards the east and away from the main road. For miles along this section the road is lined with the beautiful tree-fern, whose delicately traced fronds look like filigree-work, and here and there patches of high, slender bamboo wave their heads to and fro.

Oranges, limes, bananas, alligator-pears, nisperos, and gourd-trees fringe the road at every step, and their heavy burden of ripening fruit is a constant source of surprise and delight to the novice in tropical climes. It is a veritable Garden of Eden, where one has only to ask and receive, and the tall, stately cocoanut and royal-palm trees are scattered amid all this luxuriance, suggesting one's childhood ideal of Paradise.

A second smaller mountain range is passed over between Caguas and Rio Piedras, though the topography is less rough in character than that previously traversed, and the valleys have widened out into broad level fields, filled with tasselling sugar-cane, which in January will be taken to some of the dozens of tile-roofed sugar-houses now visible everywhere.

Rio Piedras is the suburban town of San Juan, and a narrow-gauge railroad connects it with the capital.

Little road-houses, typically Southern, are found every few miles along the road-side from Caguas to San Juan. Each one is a little store, with the counter opening on the road; and the drivers of the heavy-yoked and lumbering oxen stop often to drink a cup of *café negro*, or nibble some dulce cake.

As we approached San Juan fierce-looking walls along the road-side guarded the way to the city's entrance, and the great forts of San Cristóbal and Morro showed their heads above the rest of the city.

The Spanish Guardia Civil, always courteous, even in defeat, saluted us as we passed opposite the flashing lights which filtered out of the store doors.

This ride should be taken by every American who visits the island. As a cycling trip it is unexcelled; as a coaching trip, with fine animals, it would be superb; and even with poor, badly treated little ponies, driven by men with no feeling for animal suffering, it is a trip always to be remembered.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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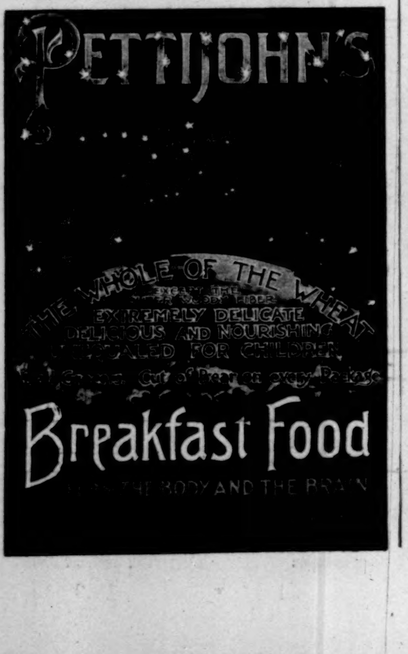

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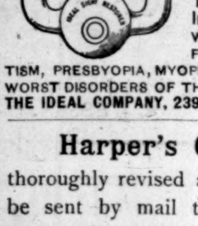

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

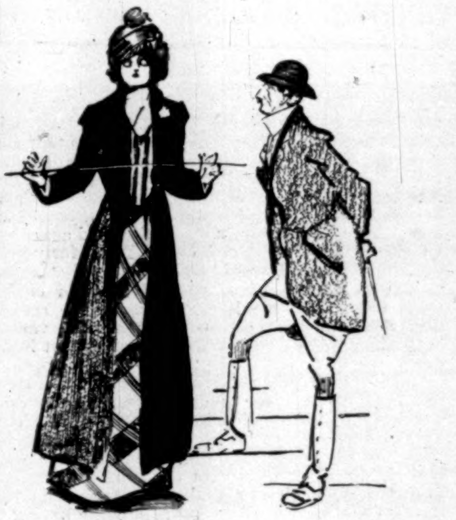
IT is one of those little surprises of life—the querulous call them ironies—that this year, when the vulgar parade outside the ring in the Garden was less violent than usual, the exhibit inside the ring should be the finest in the history of the Association. And my only excuse for the comment is the fact that in the early days of the Association the "parade" outside the ring gave the show its first firm lease of life, and has been perhaps its greatest money-making feature.

It is one of the weaknesses of human nature to enjoy, and oftentimes to court, admiration of its possessions, whether they be adornments of the mind or of the body. It is equally human to give generously of the admiration sought. The annual horse show has provided unrivalled opportunities for the indulgence of both failings.

It was entirely to be expected that fashion, both by subscription and by attendance, should stamp the show with its unqualified approval. And as every second mortal is at heart a snob, it was quite as expected that more people should be attracted by the display in the boxes and on the walk around the ring than by the horses. Therefore the projectors of the Association made the most of the occasion. The occupants of the boxes were catalogued, so to say, and diagrams published, that the curious in the gaping, staring multitude that thronged the walk might distinguish one member from another of the mystic "400." There is no denying that the crowd secured its money's worth.

As each show has come and gone, the same programme has been provided and the same performance repeated; newspaper reporters have exploited the social features, and a popular impression has been created, no doubt, that the annual fixture in Madison Square Garden was in reality an exhibition of gowns and bonnets, with a side show of horses. Meantime those who sought the stalls knew better. This year some one predicted that "fashion" would withdraw its patronage from the Garden, to the irremediable damage of the show's prosperity; and the prophecy, widely circulated because the sale of boxes failed to realize the abnormal figures of other years, eventuated most happily. Not in its fulfilment, but rather in its effect upon the character of the attendance, for it served to keep at home a percentage of the gaping multitude, and made room for those others whom the magnificent quality of the horses attracted. By all means let us have an annual prophet attached to the impedimenta of the horse show.

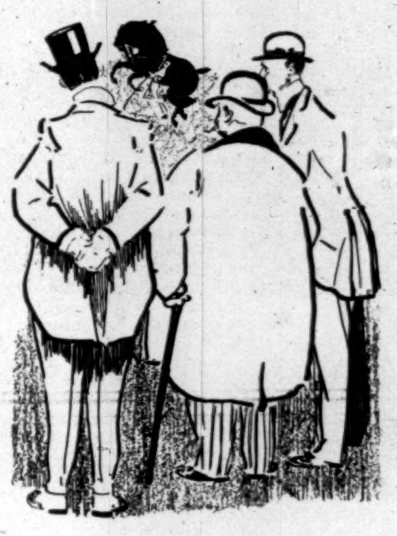
What really did happen was the final suspension of that altogether obnoxious diagram, which, like the catalogue with its "names and numbers of all the horses," substantially revealed the names and seat numbers of the socially prominent New-Yorkers, and the retirement from boxes to seats less conspicuous, in the Garden, of a great many of those who have sustained the ill-bred stares and discussions of the passing throng throughout so many horse-show weeks. Contrary to viewing this as a sign of approaching disaster, I should be inclined to regard it as indicative of more abiding interest in the motives of the exhibition. At all events, it greatly pleases sports men and women that there is the evidence of more serious concern in the show. After all, perhaps it is as well there was something to attract the "gaping multitude"; a certain percentage is sure to carry away some little knowledge of how a trap looks properly turned out.



"I HAVE HALF A DOZEN ENTRIES."

Crowds will seek out the Garden as sure as the annual show opens its gates; the majority will attach themselves to the human merry-go-round which revolves about the judging-ring, but more each year will seek a place at the rails, or climb into the gallery for a less obstructed view of the horses. The moments I enjoyed most at the London shows were those spent among the spectators at the ring-side, noting their intelligent interest in the horses and listening to their pertinent and quaint comment. A corresponding class of onlookers at our New York ring-side is so little in evidence as to make no impression. We see more of it at the other horse shows throughout America, and especially at those in the smaller cities. But the average man in an amusement-seeking American crowd has neither the knowledge of nor the regard for the horse that the man of the average English crowd entertains. Nowhere is the dissimilar disposition towards horses exhibited more clearly than at the race-track: if you mix in the crowd about the paddocks in England you will find it discussing the horses; around American paddocks the talk turns to odds for or against. So the more the crowd comes to Madison Square, the better we shall be pleased.

In the light of what has been accomplished in the last dozen years for the betterment of the horse and diffusion of knowledge concerning him, there is no limiting what may be achieved in similar directions during the coming dozen. After feasting on the equine display at the Garden last week, it is hard to realize that the magnificent quality of the horses and the perfect appointment of the harness classes generally have been acquired during even the last eight years. The average best of '90 would in all probability get nothing better than the gate in '98. I distinctly remember the incongruities of livery, the confusion over the equipment respectively of Park and Road fours, the agitation incident to turning out a tandem, the indistinction concerning classes, and the vague ideas regarding form. A dozen years ago there were not more than a dozen men showing who, unaided, could turn out a perfectly appointed equipage. And the same comment applies to the average skill of driving in those days. It was formerly really a rare treat to see a four handled properly in the ring or out of it, while the difficulties into which the average tandem-driver got himself six or eight years ago were complex and frequent.



HORSE LOVERS

After a period of characteristic American enterprise, and with equally characteristic intolerance of mediocrity, the week in '98 at the Madison Square Garden reveals horses of a quality as high as any for like purpose in the world, appointments as perfect, and half a dozen, where formerly there was one, amateur whips of finished skill. Neither in the shows in London nor in Paris (certainly not in Berlin, where they are just beginning to know what first-class appointments mean) have I seen fours, or tandems, or road-wagons, or horses and traps, in any of the harness classes turned out on an average of excellence so high. The harness horses over there do not have the style and action of our trotter-bred carriage-horse, nor, with few exceptions, do Englishmen or Frenchmen spend as much money in appointments. At the same time, in my judgment, a better taste is shown in the plainer harness used in England. I shall always remember my satisfaction in viewing the simplicity of the harness on the horses of the Princess of Wales's brougham, which drove into a building where the spring hunter show was being held. It was totally without jangling chains or buckles, or the numerous crested flaps one sees so often hung on at various vantage-points most likely to catch the passing eye.

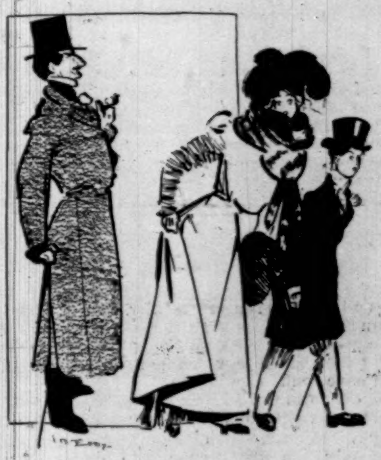
And the major part of this improvement has been brought about by the very element which unthinking people are prone to ridicule. It matters not whether the impelling force has come from genuine interest in horseflesh or from the mere fulfilment of one's destiny in the social world, the fact remains that to the money and to the taste and the enterprise of these men we are indebted for the present high standard of the American harness horse. Let us, moreover, not forget the men who have guided this development by their annual judgment in the ring. The Coaching Club was the first, I think, to lend a helping hand to the movement making for better form, and members of that club have ever since been closely identified with its progression. It is not too great a tribute to the judges—usually the same from year to year—of the harness classes to say that their consistent and impartial judgment is largely responsible for the handsome results.

This is the more satisfactory when we realize that New York sets the standard in these classes for the shows which, one after another, and successful almost without variation, have become annual institutions in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and at San Francisco, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, not to mention the innumerable country fairs where horse, and a thoroughly good type, is the chief object of interest, even though he be turned out with less style. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that the national character of the New York show should be recognized throughout the land, and more carefully nourished at home. It has seemed to me the directors of the Association have fallen short of requirements in this direction at times, and again have overlooked the fact that it is the breeders whose best interests ought never to be neglected.

There were many pleasing features in this year's show, chief of which was the evidence of an effort to separate the saddle from the harness classes. But there is much left to do yet. That the Association should permit of any mixing of these two classes is incomprehensible. If it were a country fair or a small city show, I could understand the hesitation to make unequivocal rules—but in the New York—the national show—and at this stage of our improvement, the appearance of the same horse in both harness and saddle classes is shocking. If the gentlemen who own these serviceable hacks must be appeased, why not provide a special class in which the entries shall perform under the saddle and immediately thereafter before a cart, the award to made on their work in both.

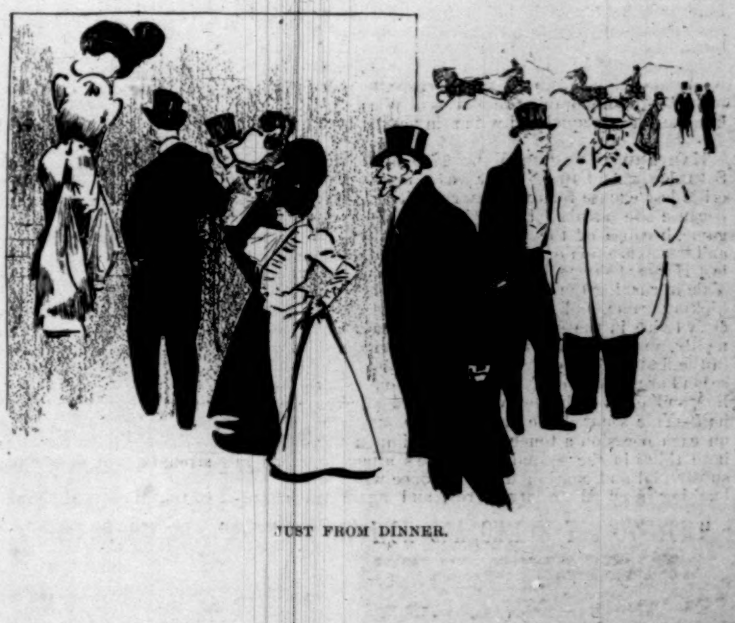
This all-round animal is most valued in the family whose purse is not long enough to satisfy the several ambitions of the various members of the household—but that is no type for the National Association to put forward. Occasionally—so seldom as to leave scarcely an impression—we see a horse that is equally good under the saddle and in harness, but never have I seen one that was an ideal of both types. It is absurd to allow the confounding of the two at a show which pretends to establish standards. The gaits are so entirely different—the high knee and hock action of the harness animal being undesirable in the saddle-horse. Of course, so long as the Association directors, with whom the remedy rests, for the judges are powerless, fail to make definite ruling on the subject, so long will there be men to enter their horses in as many different classes as inclination prompts and the prize invites.

The same is true of the hunter and saddle classes, though to a minor degree. There is less difference between a hunter and a saddle type than between the latter and a harness type, but there is a distinction, and a most decided one. Altogether too decided to have it slighted in such fashion by a National Horse Show Association whose direction is so excellent in some quarters, it seems a pity it should be so slovenly in others. They do not make the mistake in England of confusing the hunter and saddle types. Why do we, who make so much pretence? At least one much-needed amendment has been made in the hunter classes by the provision that "no horse having taken a first prize in the hunter or jumping classes at any of the Association's previous shows can be entered in the hunter classes, but it may compete in the Corinthian, jumping, and champion classes."



HER FIRST HORSE SHOW.

A rule of similar purport might prove of value in all the classes of the show. If winners of one year were barred from the open classes of the succeeding year, and confined to a championship class, it would tend to encourage entries in the open events and heighten interest



JUST FROM DINNER.

in the finals. But repeated winners were in no other instance the pressing question they were in the hunter classes. Another excellent improvement in the conduct of the hunter classes is holding in the daytime trials for the jumping contest of the night. By so doing the sport of the jumping is distributed over two periods, to the satisfaction of those who enjoy this feature of the week, and at the same time it weeds out the indifferent and assures a smooth, undelayed performance in the finals.

But the most impressive feature of the week, and I have no doubt the most pleasing one to all, with a very few exceptions, was the brilliant triumph of the American standard-bred trotter type in the harness classes. When the hackney was imported, several years ago, in considerable numbers, and at lavish individual and aggregate expense, much was predicted, by those directly interested, of the influence for the better the type was destined to have upon our carriage-horse. We waited through the first two or three years of the experimental stage expectantly and patiently, but nothing resulted to fulfil the confidently repeated promises. We are still waiting for any substantial evidence to justify the claims advanced for this type five years ago.

The fact is that, so far as appreciable influence on our carriage-horse is concerned, the hackney appears to have been an emphatic disappointment, if not a failure. Such, at least, is the conclusion, judged by his appearance at the various horse shows. As good blood has been imported as England breeds, and money distributed with unstinted hand, but our only view of its accomplishment has been an annual stately parade of dams and foals, or the ring-trotting of a sire with yelling groom hanging on to his head-stall line, and rival claques of heelers raising offensive chorus at each turn of the stable end of the show ring. Very seldom have we seen a hackney in harness, and on no occasion had he any claims to distinction. In the New York show the hackney, half or full bred, has rarely remained with the best in the harness classes, and then to be beaten by the standard-bred trotter type. Last year Mr. Widener, who took up hackneys a few years ago and spent a great deal of money in their development, sought a Maine-bred horse in Von Harbinger, and won the Waldorf-Astoria Challenge Cup. If there was a hackney this year in the harness classes—nobody knew it.

It was unquestionably a week of triumph for the trotter-bred animal and for the harness classes, which more and more each year have been attaining predominance. How richly they deserved the eminence may be judged by the statement that those two great steppers of two years ago, Walsingham and Rockingham, failed last week to get even H. C. Horses that only last year, or the year before, stirred spectators to frankest enthusiasm received scarcely a hand-clap last week—not that they failed of showing the form of their winning days, but there were new-comers that raised the standard beyond the reach of '96 and '97 winners. Even the great Coxey, champion of '96, and perhaps accredited with more blue ribbons than any other harness-horse living, had to yield honors to the new-comers; and Coxey is a magnificent piece of horseflesh, moving or standing. The absence of Von Harbinger was a source of great disappointment to sportsmen; his defence of the Cup against Lady Ursula would have made a superb competition and a difficult one for the judges.

The saddle classes, although they have not enjoyed the consistently excellent judging of the harness classes, have yet made, and especially show it this year, a very considerable advance on the standard of several years ago. And New York, I think, is not the most favorable point of observation on the actual development of the saddle-horse. A larger number of the highest type are more likely to be seen around Philadelphia and Boston, and almost anywhere in Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Virginias. The classes in New York have usually shown satisfactory conformation and style, and this year is no exception in that respect, while in the matter of manners and gait, the weakest point of the New York classes, there is this year much improvement. The judging seems, too, to have grown more intelligent; too often gait and manners appeared to count for little in the estimation of the judges, whereas they are the two essentials to a first-class saddle animal. It seems to me the New York judges have always leaned too much on the side of stockiness; while substance is absolutely necessary, it should stop short of dray-horse proportions. If a class calls for a horse up to carrying 160 pounds, one built on the lines of a Clydesdale is not the desired ideal, though he may excel in the requirements of weight-carrying. A generous supply of bone and substance is always desirable in the hunter, but in the Park hack enough is as good as a feast. And therein lies another reason why the saddle and hunter classes should not be confused.

But the class which suffers now, and has from the beginning, the greatest injustice from confusion of types is the one officially catalogued for roadsters. This class is entirely monopolized by trotters; the same animal competes and wins in the roadster and in the trotter classes—the judges are trotter men. If a roadster is a nervous, highly strung, light-boned, delicately fashioned trotter, whose utility begins and ends with ability to accomplish bursts of a 2.30 gait on the macadamized driveway—then the New York horse show reveals ideals of the type; but if a roadster is an animal of good blood and bone, well set up, well mannered, with stylish, easy, all-round action, and sufficient speed to haul a cart over the country at the rate of ten miles an hour, and stamina enough to keep up the pace—then the roadster is unknown to the New York horse show, and apparently to the Association's directors.

The breeding classes, except those for trotters and ponies, were disappointing—the thoroughbred exhibition particularly so. Fancy only two entries in the class for running thoroughbreds! The confusion of hunter and saddle animals made the judging ridiculous in the class for "stallions for getting hunters and saddle-horses." To make such a class was evidence of no sympathetic or intelligent comprehension of the types; and the result was in keeping with the conception of the class, first prize going to Applegate, who had rightly taken the blue in the Class No. 1, where breeding and racing qualities counted heaviest, but who looks hardly up to the requirements of a hunter sire.

Another distinguishing feature of the '98 show—and one, were I a director of the Association, I should view with alarm—was the predominance of the professional horse-dealer. It might not inappropriately be called a dealers' show. I sounded a note of warning to indifferent directors on this subject so long ago as '93, and the expected has come. The number of absentees from the former list of amateurs is long and startling. It means that the amateur and the professional cannot thrive cheek by jowl. The professional should be encouraged, certainly one who gets together such superb animals and turns out his traps so perfectly appointed as Mr. Bates—he is needed—but so is the amateur. If the amateur loses interest, who buys the professional's wares? Separate classes should be established for the professional—that the annual exhibition retain the character of an owners' show, and not take on so much that of the dealers.

In the trotter-breeding classes the Hamlins swept the field, with six blue and four red ribbons; Lawrence Kip had his usual success in the driving classes, which means he took all the important ones. Theodore Cuyler Patterson's triumph in the pony-breeding classes was as marked, Maritje and Kasim proving unbeatable. W. T. L. Wall did as much in the Shetland-pony classes. Of the carriage horses most prominent during the week were Whirl of the Town, Sporting Life, Coxey, Sigsbee, Sampson, Uncle Sam, Blucher, Western Star, Duke, Egbert, Encore, Lady Ursula, Lady Flavia, Lord Brilliant, Hi, High Tide, and Lord Chesterfield. Whirl of the Town, singly, captured the championship and three blue ribbons, and with Sporting Life the double championship and four firsts, and with Coxey first in a tandem class, Coxey and Whirl taking second in the same class. The Park fours were a good lot, Bostwick's $10,000 team winning. Bates saved the road-four class from mediocrity. His appointments were perfect.

Fayette McCord and Oriflamme won the championship in their respective saddle classes, Lady of Quality and Magnet receiving the reserve ribbon. Other noticeable ones were American Boy, Vinco, Compeer, Gaven Baby, Canadian Belle, Con Amore, Saxon Spark, Edna West, and His Nibs.

The complexion of the hunter classes has changed much, but there were some very good ones, notably Samoset, Welcome, and Fellowship, winners of the heavy, middle, and light weight qualified championships. Other good ones were Richmond, Miss Dark, Fritz, First Choice, Delay, Blue Rock, Burford, Red Rover, King Crow, King Pin, Lady Elgin, and American Beauty.

(*Continued from page 1162.*)

Young the quarter-back keeps the team moving well, fumbles a little, but is a sure tackler, despite his weight of 135 pounds. He is particularly good on the defensive.

In the back field, Captain Whiting is the most consistent ground-gainer, added to which he runs the team well, and his men have confidence in him.

While the form Cornell has shown seems hardly good enough to warrant hope of defeating Pennsylvania, yet the latter's fumbling, which is always most apparent when opposed to a team strong enough to hinder the smooth working of the guards-back play, may lead to Cornell's scoring. The chances are, however, that Cornell has not had enough play against first-class teams to give either the needed endurance or alertness to defeat Pennsylvania.

WHATEVER THE REAL REASON entertained by the Secretaries of War and of the Navy for withholding permission from the cadets for annual football games, at least it is shameful that the cause alleged, of "bad blood" and "ill feeling aroused by the last match," is allowed to be handed from newspaper to newspaper without correction. I suppose, however, Mr. Alger is not looking into newspapers these days. Those who have viewed the sportsmanly conduct of games at West Point and at Annapolis know the statement to be utterly false. Those who were fortunate enough to see the games between the two national academies must be astonished to read of a cause so supposititious now put forth to keep them apart. Having had the good luck to see all the games between the two—to have been with the elevens and their respective supporters on and off the playing-field, before and after the game, in and out of the mess—my word may be accepted when I say that I never beheld any deviation from that strong, wholesome, sportsmanly sentiment which, since first I knew them, has been paramount in sport at Annapolis and West Point. Perhaps some one in the Metropolitan or in the Army and Navy Club waxed patriotic, but as for "bad blood"—the honorable Secretaries at Washington should become better acquainted with army and navy men.

HARVARD DEFEATED YALE 17-0 at New Haven on Saturday. And there never was a match that gave the critic less excuse for explanatory writing. Harvard won because she outplayed Yale in every department of the game, because of the physical superiority of her team, and her exhibition of higher-class football. From first to last Harvard showed the abler generalship, overwhelmed Yale in rushing the ball, altogether outclassed her in the kicking game, and made fewer and less costly fumbles. Only twice in the game did a Yale runner show prominently, and both times it was Ely, who made thirty yards in the first half on a caught punt, and about fifteen in the second around the end. Twice—once on her fifteen-yard line, and again on her ten-yard line, and both in the second half—Yale secured the ball by a furious defence, when on each occasion a touch-down was impending. Twice, both times in the second half, Yale's attack resulted in substantial and continuous gains; once when steady line-bucking secured twenty yards, and again when line-bucking for seventeen yards was supplemented by Ely's fifteen-yard end run. At all other times Yale was on the defensive, and forced to most desperate work to keep Harvard from gaining her distance even on the second down. Considering the rain and the mud, the handling of the ball was surprisingly clean, especially so by Harvard, while Yale in this respect bettered her work against Princeton, when the day was clear and the field comparatively dry. Although the muffing of Yale's backs on punts frequently gave the ball to Harvard, it was a source of gratification that none of these directly resulted in the scoring of the winner. On the other hand, a fumble on Yale's five-yard line by Harvard lost her the ball when a touch-down seemed imminent. It is true that Yale's crippled condition in the back field made Harvard's large score possible, but, in my judgment, it made no difference in the final decision. Even with McBride in his best form and De Saulles fit and playing, Harvard must have won the day.

THE PLAY OF THE HARVARD ELEVEN was certainly the strongest and most skilful exhibition of all-round football a Harvard team has ever made, and at least equal to that of the best teams the most advanced school of the game has produced. Its work against Yale was a considerable improvement over its work against Pennsylvania, and showed what telling use the Harvard coaches had made of those two intervening weeks. The slow-starting, straggling attack had been changed to an offence that, though not getting off with the lightning speed we have seen emphasized by some of the Yale teams, yet got under way promptly, and moved forward, gathering strength that appeared to be irresistible. Time and again the runner seemed to be hurled through the opposing mass by the very impetus the support had imparted. It was not star play, although there was much of that too, that gave Harvard her strength, but the completeness with which individual effort had been merged into one harmoniously working and powerful whole. Taking it all in all, the '98 Harvard eleven is the most perfectly rounded out team I have ever seen. And that is saying a great deal. With no man in her rush-line, Haughton excepted, because of his remarkable punting, who may be said to possess unusual natural ability, or to have acquired skill beyond that many first-class players develop annually, Harvard, none the less, showed such strength of forwards as one might expect were every man a star of the first magnitude. It was the science of team-work made possible by indefatigable drilling, and reflects great credit on Cameron Forbes and his assistant coaches, and upon Captain Dibblee, and upon the individual members of the team. The splendid physical condition of the men made possible their continuously aggressive play. And the consummate generalship of Daly used it to the very best possible advantage.

FROM THE VERY OPENING OF THE GAME Harvard's strength, and, most unusual, her confidence in it, were apparent. Captain Dibblee won the toss—in itself an upset of tradition—and chose the goal from which a fair breeze was blowing. Chamberlin kicked off to Daly, who returned the ball to Yale's fifty-yard line, where Ely was thrown. Yale tried to rush, and lost the ball on downs, to regain it immediately, however, by Harvard's fumble. Another futile attempt at rushing by Yale, and Chamberlin and Haughton exchanged kicks, to the latter's advantage. Yale could not gain by rushing, and again punted, Dibblee running the ball back to Yale's forty-five-yard line. And now Harvard set in motion that accumulative fierce attack; using Dibblee and Reid chiefly, by plays around the tackles, and through the centre and through and over the guards and tackles, Harvard, without losing the ball, pushed Yale, desperate but impotent, down the field, and Reid made the first touch-down (Haughton failing the goal) twelve minutes after the game had been called. The second score, ten minutes later, with play most of the time in Yale territory, was hastened by Yale's poor judgment in not kicking when on her fifteen-yard line instead of trying to run, thereby losing the ball on downs, and Harvard forthwith forcing Dibblee over, Haughton kicking goal. Play remained in Yale's territory the balance of the half, Haughton trying place-kick from forty-five-yard line, and failing just before time was called.

Yale braced materially at the beginning of the second half, carrying the ball for one spurt of twenty yards, and immediately thereafter successfully defending her goal at the fifteen-yard line against Harvard's, to that point, steady advance. Again, on the ten-yard line, Yale saved a touch-down. But for the rest, the battle was all with Harvard, the third touch-down after steady rushing from Yale's fifteen-yard line being made by Reid. The game ended with Chamberlin's poor try for place-goal from twenty-five yard line.

Throughout the game Harvard's ends outclassed Yale's in getting down under the ball, and her backs in handling the ball and in supporting the forwards on the defensive.

AS FOR THE KICKING, all of Chamberlin's were poor, and the few good ones of McBride were run back half-way by Harvard. Harvard gained tremendously on her ability to run back Yale's punts, and on Yale's muffing and inability to run even when not muffing, because of Harvard's ends. Yale's end formations were weak. Ely's individual work was brilliant in running, but, like the other Yale back, he muffed.

Daly's work was above criticism; he is the best quarter of the year; Dibblee's runs through broken fields were brilliant, as was his and Reid's line-bucking. Warren's line-bucking also was first class. In the line, Harvard was the stronger on the ends, at right tackle, left guard, and centre, a bit the weaker at left tackle, and about even at right guard, though the work of Donald and Burden was first class, the former especially shining on occasion.

No match was ever won and lost more strictly on the merits of the contestants.

It is the second time Harvard has defeated Yale since '76, and the only time Yale has failed to score.

Next week I will publish some statistics which space does not permit of this week. CASPAR WHITNEY.

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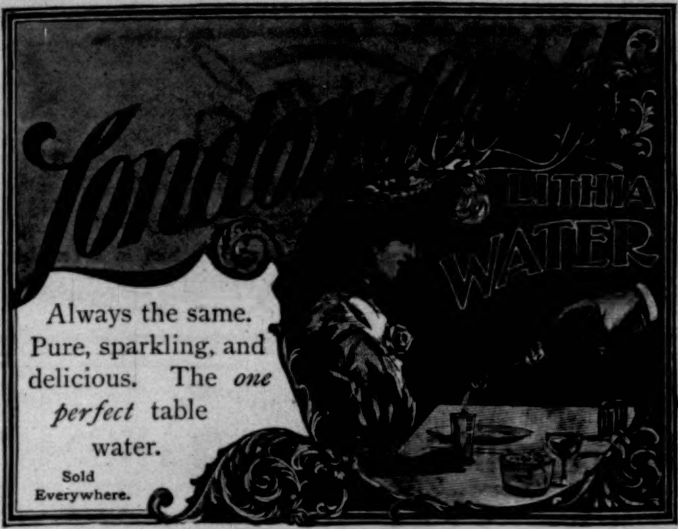

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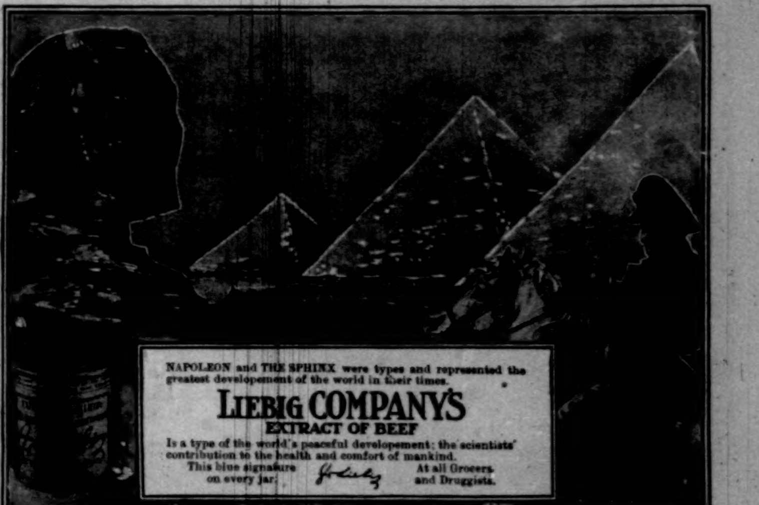

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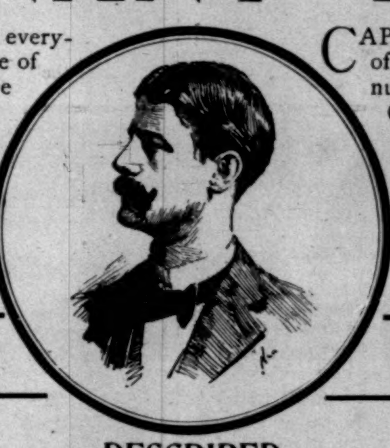
LIEUTENANT HOBSON

In THE DECEMBER CENTURY, ready everywhere Thursday, December 1st, begins one of the most interesting series of articles that have ever appeared in an American magazine. It is Lieutenant Hobson's own narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac" in Santiago harbor. It will appear in three numbers of THE CENTURY. The first part, in December, contains the story of the inception of the idea, the stripping of the "Merrimac," and the manœuvers up to the time of the recall.

CAPTAIN SIGSBEE'S narrative of the explosion of the "Maine" is also contained in the Christmas number of THE CENTURY. In the November CENTURY Captain Sigsbee told the story of the arrival of the ship in the harbor of Havana. In the December number he describes the explosion, the act which precipitated the Spanish War, and he tells the story most graphically. The destruction of Cervera's fleet will be described later by Rear-Admiral Sampson and others who took part in the engagement.



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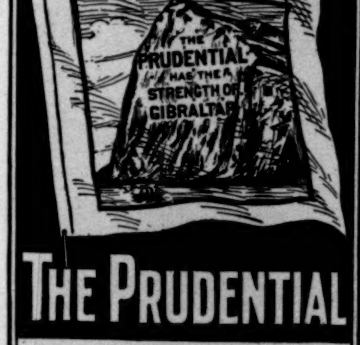
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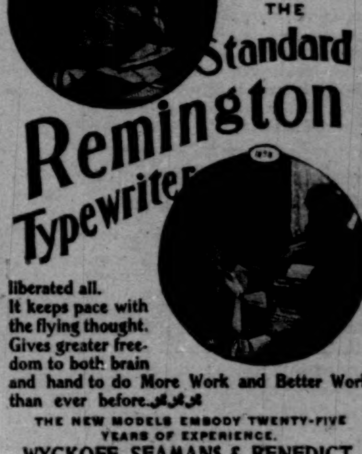

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